n no Engine lies.

elirov,

S Aire

PYR

do AGAINST

MANGELIND.

VV ritten by a Person of Honour.

Ere I, who to my cost, already am,
One of those strange, prodigious creatures Man;
A Spirit free, to choose for my own share,
What fort of Flesh and Blood I pleas'd to wear,
I'd be a Dog, a Monkey or a Bear;
Or any thing, but that vain Animal,

Who is so proud of being rational His Senses are too gross; and he'll contrive A fixth, to contradict the other five: And before certain Instinct, will preferr Reason, which Fifty times for one does err. Reason, an Ignis fatuus of the mind, Which leaves the Light of mature Sense behind. Pathless, and dangerous, wandring wayes, it takes, Through errors fenny Bogs, and Thorny Brakes: Whil'ft the milgrided follower thinks, with pain, Mountains of Whimleys, heap't in his own brain; Stumbling from thought, to thought, falls headlong down Into doubts boundless Sea, where like to drown, Books bear him up a while, and make him try To fwim with Bladders of Philosophy: In hopes still to o'retake the skipping Light, The Vapour dances, in his Dazeling fight, Till spent, it leaves him to Eternal night. Then Old Age, and Experience, hand in hand, Leads him to Death, makes him to understand, After a fearch so painful, and so long, That all his Life, he has been in the wrong.

andli L

Hudled

Hulled in Dirt, the reas'ning Engine lies, Who was fo proud, fo witty, and fo wife: Pride drew him in, as Cheats their Bubbles catch, And made him venture, to be made a wretch: His Wildom did his happiness destroy, Aiming to know, what World he should enjoy. And Wit was all his frivolous pretence, Of pleafing others at his own expence. For Wits are treated just like Common Whores; The pleasure past, a threatning doubt remains, That frights th' enjoyer with fucceeding pains. Women, and men of Wit, are dang'rous Tools, And eyer fatal to admiring Fools. Pleafure allures, and when the fopps elcape, 'Tis not that they're belov'd, but fortunates And therefore what they fear, at heart they hate. But now methinks some formal Band and Beard, Takes me to Task; Come on Sir, I'me prepar'd: Then by your favour, any thing that's writ Against this gibing, gingling knack, call'd Wit, Likes me abundantly, but you'l take care Upon this point, not to be too levere, Perhaps my Muse were fitter for this part, For I profess, I can be very smart On Wit, which I abhor with all my heart:) long to lash it, in some sharp Essay, But your grand indifcretion bids me stay, And turns my Tyde of Ink, another way. What rage foments, in your degen rate mind, To make you fail at reason, and mankind? Bleft Glorious man, to whom alone kind Heav'n An Everlafting Soul hath freely given: Whom his great Maker took fuch care to make, That from himfelf he did the Image take, And this fair frame in shiping reason drest, To dignifie his Nature above Beaft. Reason (by whose aspiring influence, We take a slight beyond material sense,) Dives into Mysteries, then soaring pierce The saming limits of the Universe, Search Heav'n and Hell, find out what's acted there, And give the World true ground of hope and fear.

Hold mighty man I cry; all this we know, From the pathetick pen of Ingelo, From Patricks Pilgrin, Sibbs Soliloquies, And 'tis this very Reason I despise, This supernatural gift, that makes a mite Think he's the Image of the Infinite; Comparing his short life, void of all rest, To the Eternal, and the ever blest, This busic pushing stirrer up of doubt, That frames deep mysteries, then finds them out,

Filling with Francick crouds, of thinking Fools, The Reverend Bedlams, Colledges and Schools, Born on whole wings, each heavy Sot can pierce The Limits of the boundless Universe: So Charming Oyntments make an old Witch flye, And bear a crippled Carkas through the Skie. Tis the exalted poor, whose business lies In Nonfence and Impolibilities: Movillessed This made a Whimfical Philosopher, and Before the spacious World his Tubb, prefer : And we have many modern Coxcombs, who Retire to think, 'cause they have nought to do. But thoughts were given for actions Government; Where action ceases, thought's impertment Our Sphere of action is lifes happiness, And he that thinks beyond, thinks like an ass. Thus whilft against false reas'ning I inveigh, I own right reason, which I would obey; That reason, which distinguishes by sense, And gives us rules of good and ill from thence: That bounds defires, with a reforming will, To keep them more in vogue, and not to kill: Your Reason hinders; mine helps to enjoy, Renewing Appetites, yours would destroy. My Reason is my friend, yours is a Cheat: Hunger calls out, my Reason bids me eat; Perversly yours, your Appetite does mock: This asks for food, that answers what's a Clock.

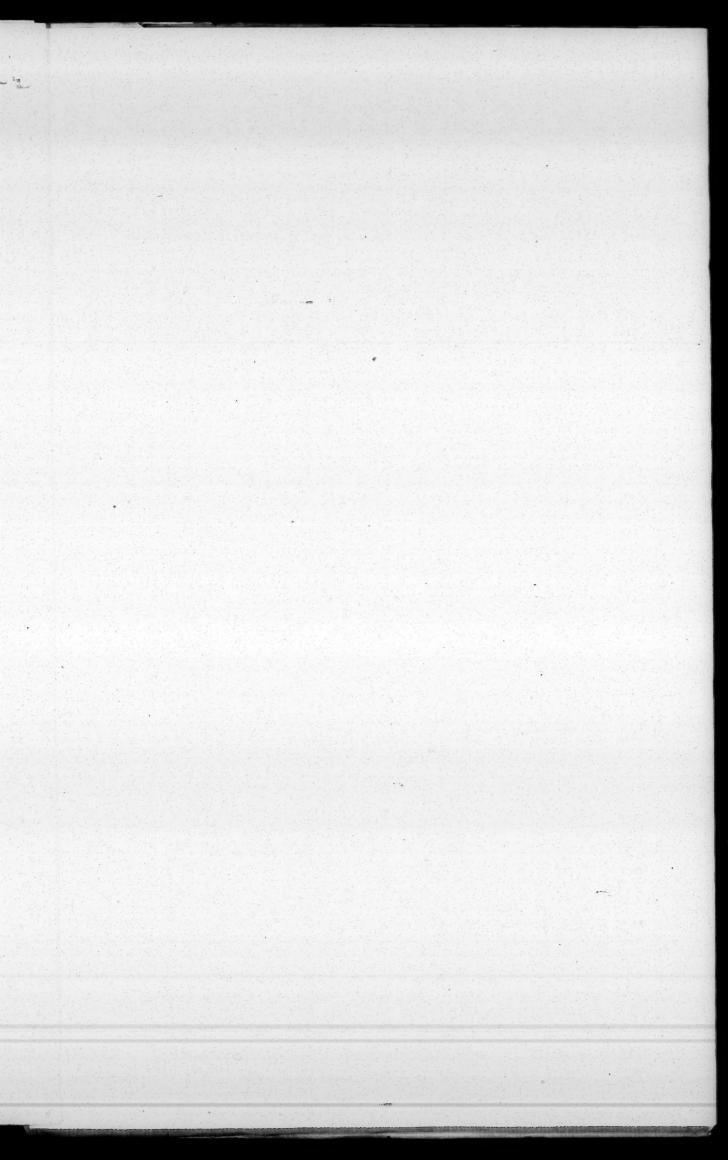
This plain distinction, Sir, your doubt secures: Tis not true Reason I despise, but yours. Thus, I think Reason righted; But for man, I'le ne're recant, defend him if you can. For all his Pride, and his Philosophie,
²Tis evident Beafts are, in their own Degree, As Wife at least, and Better far, than he. Those Creatures are the wifest, who attain By furest means, the ends at which they aim, If therefore Jovler finds, and kills, the Hares Better than man supplies Committee Chairs; Though one's a Statefman, th' other but a Hound; Tovler in Justice will be wifer found. You see how far mans Wisdom here extends: Look next if Human Nature makes amends; Whole principles are most Generous and Just; And to whole morals, you would fooner trust: Be Judge your felf, Ple bring it to the Telt, Which is the basest Creature, Man, or Beast: Birds feed on Birds, Beafts on each other prey; But falvage Man alone, does Man Betray. Prest by Necessity, they kill for food; Man undoes man, to do himfelf no good. With Teeth, and Claws, by Nature arm'd, they Hunt, Natures allowance, to supply their want:

1 6.85

But man with Smiles, Embraces, Friendships, Praise, day guill Inhumanly, his fellows life betrayes, With voluntary pains, works his diltres;
Not through Necessity, but Wantonness. For hunger, or for love they bite or tear, to the or mineral Whilst wretched man is still in arms for fear. For fear he arms, and is of arms afraid: From fear, to fear, fuccessively berray'd. Base fear, the source, whence his best passions came, His boafted Honor, and his dear bought Pathe: The Lust of Pow'r, to which he's fuch a flave, And for the which alone, he dares be brave:
To which his various projects are defigned,
Which makes him Generous, Affable and Kind: For which he takes fuch pains to be thought wife, And scrues his actions, in a forc't difguise: Leads a most tedious life, in misery, Under laborious, mean Hypocrifie. Look to the Bottom of his vast design, Wherein man's Wisdom, Pow'r and Glory joyh; The Good he acts, the Ill he does endure, 'Tis all from fear, to make himself secure. Meerly for fafety, after fame they thirst, For all men would be Cowards if they durst: And honefty's against all common sense, Must men be Knaves, 'tis in their own defence,' Mankind's dishonest; if you think it fair, Amongst known Cheats, to play upon the square, You'le be undone. Nor can weak Truth, your reputation fave; The Knaves will all agree to call you Knave. Wrong'd shall he live, insulted o're, opprest, Who dares be leffer Villain, than the reft. Thus here you fee, what Human Nature craves, Most men are Cowards, all men should be Knaves. The Difference lyes, as far as I can fee, Not in the thing it felf, but the Degree: And all the subject matter of Debate, Is only who's a Knave, of the first Rate.

FINIS.

4 JA 35



e and nature were at frife Written by the Right HONOUR ABLE describe

I shall Opinion have more pow'r to more carhis Examinle, in Coince, or his Lovel c.mars his fifth from fing for could be for our ments the pain. humbly Wide Sobout to be design,

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aired a lamid bi Now PRLSONER in the On the Collon Roll Podt at That thus divided ewist thy pain and will,

Liniting for these Tiple of the Line.
That weening here to the WOLD.

The World of the WOLD.

we may refign with joy, and yet grieve failf.

born these debts are

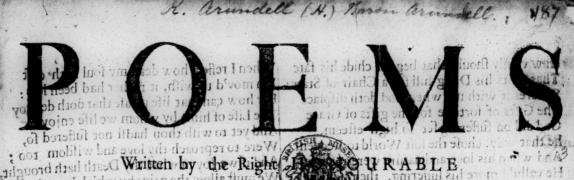
Passion too long hath seiz'd on Reasons Right, And play'd the Tyrant in her own defence: Har flatt ring Fancies hurry'd me about, To feek content which I could ne're find out. If any pleasure, did slide o're my sence A doin! It left a mark of shame when it went thence. And when possest, it relished no more; sil And I remain'dus Thirsty'as before month Those pleasant Charms that did my heart seduce Seem'd great pursu'd, but less'ned in the use; And that false flame that kindled my defire E're I could cast, the pleasure did expire. But Reason now shall reposses her Throne And Grace reftore, what nature had o'rethrown, So shall my Soul by double conquest prove My better Genius prompts me to declare Against those follie's, and to side with her: She tells me 'tis high time to stemm that Tide Whose Torrent doth us from our solves divide! Those brutal Passions do un-man our mind, And rule, where Virtue had them flaves defign'd Such asurpation shall prevail no more, I will to Reason her just Rights restore: And make my Rebel heart that duty pay To her, which on my sence was cast away, But this (dear Lord) must be thy work not mine, He takes our fortunes but to give us love. Thy Grace must finish what I but designe

Afflictions, good God let 'em light on me. It is thy pow'r blone that Arthusta mave 3 Then give us firehertvebexecute and sovers Ence all ye Visions of the Worlds delight, For Nature harh by talk one ils prevent delight, You treach'rous Dreams of our deluded And friendominion over our fence in and friendominion over our fence in and friendominion over to be the by the hand Tofree our Capcive Stubinismente Tobains That fatal liberry which for vinged destol Thougas it us, which that it word wood effect Mealmade by Realbay Marike Bears, 20 56 Loling that reasons processore bealts then the And fure they lose it when they do differed With their knowndary, to delighe the Tence Since then thy bounty doch my heart Infpire, Make me to do, as well as to defire bnoint or Set to my warring heard from parfions file That it may ne're to be any thing but thee! By the fweet forcemy Stubbern heart Incline To quintry Conductive notes followethened

- God shelifeth whom he loveth.

Fthen the carnoft of thy favours be

Bought by thy Bloud, and conquer hey thy love That can we lose for him, when all we have Are but the Favours which his Bour ways ebb out out with thy L and Blon And which. when Loffes force us to reftore, God only takes'em for to give us more: And by an happy change doch kindly prove



auft allow the pains by which 'twas bought hat dury both those debts are payd.

unt of the Sacred Roman Empire,

airedai Holmid ble Now PRISONER in the TOWER at to divided twixt the painted will,

> That weeping here! Has rejuyce above. A Valediction to the WORLD.

According to the Trumph of thy Love,

I may relign with joy, and yer grieve full.

Ence all you Visions of the Worlds delight, You treach'rous Dreams of our deluded

I conth. Pains of Hell. Passion too long hath seiz'd on Reasons R ght, And played the Tyrant in her own defence Her fluttring Fancies hurry'd me about, To feek content which I could ne'refind out. If any pleafure did flide o're my fence It left a mark of shame when it went thence. And when poffest, it relished no more; And I remain'd as Thirsty as before. Those pleasant Charms that did my heart seduce Seem'd great purlu'd, but lest'ned in the ule; And that false flame that kindled my defire E're I could cast, the pleasure did expire. But Reason now shall reposses her Throne And Grace restore what nature had o'rethrown My better Genius prompts me to declare Against those follie's, and to fide with her: She tells me 'tis high time to ftemm that Tide Whose Torrent doth me from my self divide. Those brutal Passions do un-man our mind, And rule, where Virtue had them flaves defign'd Such usurpation shall prevail no more, I will to Reason her just Rights restore: And make my Rebel heart that dixy pay To her, which on my sence was thrown away. But this (dear Lord) must be thy act not mine, Thy Grace must finish what I but designe

It is thy pow't alone that first doth move, Then gives us, firength to execute and love. For Nature bath by custome to prevail d. And fuch dominion on our lence intailed, That we can never hope but by thy hand! To free our Captive Souls from her Command. That fatal liberty which for our good in hard. Thou gav'ft us, was ill us d, worse understood. Man made by Reason, not like Beasts, to obey Loting that reason, grows more heasts then they. And ture we lose it when we do dispense ma With our known duty, to delight the lenge. Since then thy bounty doth my heart Inspires Make me to do, as well as to defire: Set fo my wavering heart from passions free That it may ne're love any thing but thee By thy Iweet force my Stubborn will Incline To quit my Conduct, and to follow thine: So shall my Soul thy double purchase prove Bought by thy Bloud and conquer'd by thy love.

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Affice or good G d or relight on me.

weet Jefus Willering, and that his fi Persecution no. los.

W Hat can we like for him, when all we have Are but the Pavours which his Bounty

And which, when sufferings force us to restore, God only takes them for to give us more: And by an happy change doth kindly prove He takes our fortune but to give his love. How Inw vainly should that beggar chide his fate That quits his Dung hill for a Chair of State: So fares it with us, when God doth displace The Gifts of fortune for the gifts of Grace God did on suffering set so high esteem, he that way chose the lost World to Redeem : And when his love and nature were at strife He vallu'd more his fuffering, then his Life. And shall Opinion have more pow'r to move Then his Example, Doctrine, and his Love? Love makes Afflictions easie; to complain Lessens the merit, and augments the pain. Let's humbly then Submit to his design, And give that freely which we must resign: So shall our Losses prove the best Increase Of future Glory, and our prefent Peace.

Quem amat caftigat.

I F then the earnest of thy favours be Affliction, good God let it light on me. Ile glory more in fuch a kind diffress Then in all comforts when thy love is less. And by my Misery He make it known In spire of th' World, how much I am thy own No fruitful flowr shall by the thirsty plant Be kindlier entertain'd then foorn and want. Or lossof Honour, Fortune or delight Shall be by me; That which did once affright, And fill'd my troubled Mind with care and grief One timely Sigh had eas'd that Pain, Shall be my future Comfort and relief. I never more will Court a smiling Fate Since he's fo happy, that is desolate. Afflictions shall be pleasing, for they come Like friendly show'rs to drive us sooner home And by thy love, such Charms are in them found As cure the Heart, which they intend to wound; So strange effects doth Grace in us produce To change as well their Nature, as their Use.

Considerations before the Crucifix. 7 Hen I behold thee on that fatal Tree (Sweet Jesus) suffering, and that 'tis for And change Gods Justice into Love;

When I consider in that purple Floud My fins ebb out, but with thy Life and Bloud:

When I reflect how dear my foul hath coft I'm mov'd to wish, it rather had been toft. For how can that life please that doth destroy The Life of him, by whom we life enjoy. And yet to wish thou hadst not suffered so. Were to reproach thy love and wisdom too And if we loy in what thy Death hath brought. We must allow the pains by which 'twas bought So that our joy and grief unitedlye, And natures Life is t'have her maker dye. It is thy will (dear Lord) must be obey'd, And in that duty both those debts are payd. O let my Soul, in a due measure, find A joy becoming, and a mourning mind A joy in thy kind will, ev'n whilst it made Sun shine in Nature by thy God head's shade. A grief to fee the Torments fin did merit And Man deferv'd, God should himself inherit. That so divided 'twixt thy pain and will, I may resign with joy, and yet grieve still. Adoring to this Trum ph of thy Love, That weeping here I may rejoyce above.

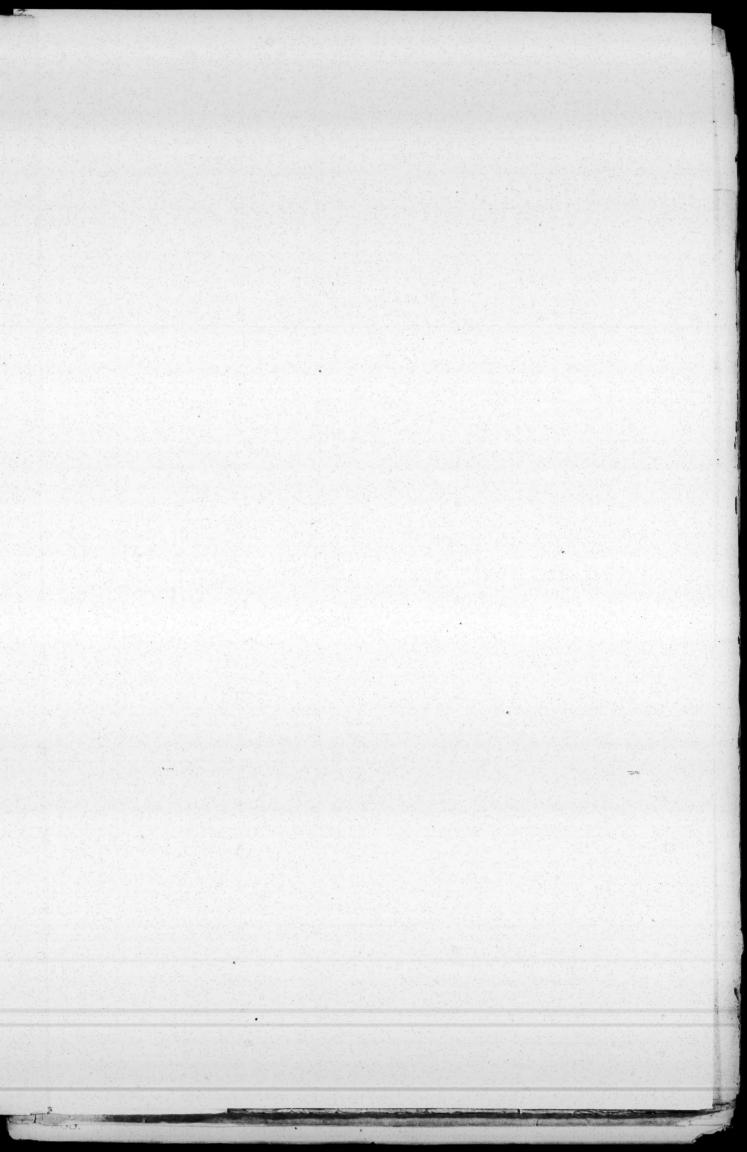
Upon the Pains of Hell.

Forceall you Villens of

Tampi dosan noY

Reftless Groans! O floathful Tears! O vain Desires O fruitless Fears! Which Millions now do feek in vain; Eternal Pennance is thy Fate, For having wept and figh'd too late! That short remorfe which thou didst flie, Is chang'd into Eternity; Neglected mercy hath no room, When Justice once hath fixt his Doom. Prevent then timely by thy care, That endless Pennance of Despair; And weep betimes, your Tears here may Turn Night into eternal Day; (me, If by the vertue of his Grace, Thou shedst them in a proper place;

LONDON, Printed, 1679.



A New Scotch Ballad:

CALL'D

BOTHWEL-BRIDGE:

O R,

Hamilton's H E R O.

To the Tune of Fortune my Foe.

Hen valiant Bucklugh charg'd his Foes,
And put the Rebel Scots to fight,
Full many a Gallant Squire arose
And rub'd into the Fight.

of Spur and Switch Come with their Steeds to kick and fling, And leap o're Enemy like Ditch.

But lo! amidst this surious Train
Of matchless Wights, appeared one
With Courage and with Prowess main
As ever yet was shown.

Of Visage dark as day of Doom,
Most pittifully rent and tore,
Shews him a Warrier in the Womb
That Wounds receiv'd e're he was bore,

His Breast all Steel, of Temper tuff, And Falstaff's Belly deckt with Charms, VVith Brandon's Head, all clad in Buff, Secure from Scottish Arms.

Full fix Foot deep in Stature he, A goodly fight for to behold, Of Parentage and Pedigree Molt wondrous to unfold.

Not gen'rous Whore, of better kind, Nor Stallion ftout, of Mettle higher Than is the fierce undaunted mind Of this our lofty Squire. But, that you may believe, his Race Was inch as we dare brag on, Know to St. George he Kinsman was, and Son and Heir to th' Dragon.

From that bold Knight he Valour gain'd, And from the Venom of this Syre The gift of fwelling he obtain'd, And eke of fpitting Fire.

At two Months Age, from Mothers Paps, He fuck'd out Bullets 'stead of Milk; Which rowling in his Warlike Chaps They turn'd as foft as Silk.

With this rank Food he fed fome years
Till he fo strong a Stomack got,
That he could swallow down whole Spears
And mumble Canon-shot.

Did he but hear those Furies roar He'd rush into the heat of Battel, And bowze Combustion from the Bore As 'twere from mouth of Sucking-bottle.

No Armour needful was in fight, Nor car'd he for the Pow'rful shield; He valu'd Courage not a Doit To man him in the dreadful Field.

For let the whiffling Bullets stray,
'Tis no matter whether thick or thinner,
His only business was to pray
They'd shoot him down his Dinner.

South Mew Scotch Balled:

CALL'D

BOTHWEL-BRIDGE:

10

Hamiltons



Hus dyetted, Sainst Scottist Loon,
He proudly troopt by Monmouth's side,
Accounter'd with a Knife and Spoon
Which all their Arms desi'd.

16.

But as the Duke right manfully
March'd on his stubborn Foes to meet,
He all besh —— the Shot which he
So likely was to eat.

Behind his Grace he tamely flunk, (Suppos'd) from Wounds his Breech to keep: And at each thundring Volley fhrunk Like Hog-Loufe in a Heap.

Most pittiously he there did shrugg,
And curst a thousand times damn'd Mars,
Then popt down head to save each Lugg
And worshipp'd Royal A——

Full fore he stunk whilest helter skelter, He heard the Ammunition skim, For still as he would seek new shelter Fear, like Gun-stick, scow'rd him.

Yet did our Hero 'scape the Brunt, Through Ghostly Skill to disappear, For, like a Duck, he div'd i'th' Front, And rose again i'th' Rear.

Where, fafe as a Surgeon in the Hold, With Sweard sharp fet for cruel Blow He hust 'd and pust'd, look'd big and bold, And stroak'd the Soyl where Beard should grow.

Then with his trusty Whynnyard he, All man, Sir, slashing through the Air, Cry'd like the Taylor to the Tree, Here I could have you, Sir,—and there—

Thus did he brandishing proceed, Till the desperate Warlike Minion Made th' individual Attoms bleed, And peel'd them like an Onion.

This without pitty too to spare
Those which he breath'd, as if he meant
Revenge on the Philosopher
That says, Our World is assident.

His waiting Genius, eke also With world of pains, and muckle do, From Scabbard Salted, as I trow, A pickl'd Weapon drew.

To Lord and Master true he stuck, And ventur'd full as hard as he; For 'twas the way to meet good luck, And be from dangers free. The lufty Loon came on behind,
And in his mighty Cloak-bag caught
That Courage blown away by the VVind,
VVith which the Efquire should have fought.

The sprightly Wallet 'gan to jump, Posses'd with these Almighty Charms, And, bidding long farewell to Rump, VVas in a moment up in Arms.

The noble Champion bravely then Began to smile and take good chear, 'I was time to lay about him when Portmanteau turn'd a Volunteer.

Martch on, my Darlings then, quoth he; For los! the Battel's at a ftand, And 'tis ordain'd that only we Should tame this uncouth Land.

This faid, into a Body they
With Marshall Skill drew up their Force,
Consisting, as you heard me say,
Of Cloak-bag and twa Horse.

But ah! alack, and weel-a-day!
The Canny Duke (God bless his Grace)
E're these three Wights could reach their prey,
Had laid it dead upon the place.

The Squire, all Fury, took it ill, For forely he began to maunder, And 'cause he left no Foes to kill Wept out like Alexander.

Yet when he ceas'd to sob and frown,
Qoth he, What though the Kerns are slain?
To save my Honour and Renown
I'll kill them o're again.

With that his Punnyard forth he draws, (Thus Death himself prov'd mortal too) For napping in a dead man's Jaws He ran him through and through.

This was his Zeal and Loyalty,
And fear of being Credit-shamm'd,
He garr'd each Treach'rous Scot twice dee
In hopes he might be double damn'd.

Thus too St. George he has o'recome, And stabb'd the mighty Hero's Fame, Honour he leaves him not a Crum, All's due to ——'s Name.

He now as England's Champion raigns;
'Tis he alone is born to rule,
To bind the Qarrelfome in Chains,
And call a Giant Fool.

FINIS.

L O N D O N, Printed for T. B. 1679.

THE SECOND

Ow Painter try if thy skil'd hand can draw, The horrid'A Scene the trembling world ere faw ; Wipe all the Pencills that the former drew, In difmal colours dip 'um all anew; Colours that may in lively parts express The plotted fall of Monarchs in a dress: May fright the World from Crimes we can't atone, With our best bloods, and Christians blush to own: But let me first advise you ere you take
This work in hand, a mater reflection make
On all that's hainous; Murchels, Treasure, Fires;
Deaths in all shapes, and rapines, hot delires: Of Marthering Kings I tremble to reherfe, A tottering world and finking Universe; Think well on the erre you begin your part
'Twill heighten fancy, and affect your heart:
In th' upper part of all the Canvas, paint
His Holyness the Pope, that mighty Saint,
Old Sathan his affociate too must stand Behind his chair to guide his heart and hand; Draw him stuck round with all the toyes that come

From the grand Mint of lies, old sopplif Rome:

Bulls, Dispensations, Pardons, all the balts

He lays for the dull crow'd; the Book divines.

Will be convenient too, that the very fin

The value may be known, pray cramthat in

Draw him dispersing with a bounteous hand

For horrid ends the treasure of his Land;

2

Dispensing with false Oaths, or any thing, So that they'l Murther Charles Great Brittains King: Poor fool to think the guardian of his throne, Is grown as dull and fenfless as his own; No, sprend Impostor, no thy hand's too short. To reach his head or make his fall thy sport:

Next draw proud France, and his ambitious hope Of being mighty, cringing to the Pope: 'Tis not his zeal to him, or to those laws That cheat the world, that his affection draws; 'Tis int'ret, mighty int'reft, bears the fway, He days ot, though he willing, disobey: Bale Prince and foolish too, your lelf you cheat, When on such terms as these you would be great; You feast your sences, secure at costly rates, That nothing else can serve but dellicates Dipt in the blood of Princes; Deaths of Kings, In your pinion are but vulgar things: Had thirst of Empire sway'd a generous soul I hese base low tricks cou'd never sure controul; But to a minde fo firm on mischief bent, No generous thoughts or honour could prevent
The meanest actions; Princes should be true,
And act on principles of honour too: Then they are Sacred to the world, and ought To be adored, then diffespect's a fault:

But when from base degenerate they are grown,

The vulgar hurl'um headlong from the throne:

Go on vile Prince in all these acts, and try, How foon your Crown will fade, your Empire dye; By your example your own Subjects teach, To ftrike at Empires and at Scepters reach, And may their first attempt be on thy head, Dethrone thee first of all, then strike thee dead. I builed

Now Painter to our Subjects dip thy pen In black, in horrid black, yet once agen;
For when a Subject from a King revolts,
Conspires his death, and thinks these things no faults,
The scene must needs be horrid, first begin
With Bellasis and his saul and grateful sin:
Draw him a monster, in as soul a dress
As ere your heart can think, or hand express; Dispensing

[[8]]

Long did he in his Princes bosom lie

One would have thought void of all Treachery: The what base man but he, could ere conspire

To set that house, wherein he lives, on fire?

Who could such Treason harbour in his breast, and a live in which we recome the could such treason has breast, and to him the best mode with the could make the stage bested. The other Lords must an the Stage bested. The hold warpane of the other Lords must an the stage bested. The hold warpane of the hold of the other Lords must be the stage bested. The hold warpane of the hold of the other Lords must be the stage bested. The hold and the other Lords must be the hold of the hold of the other Lords must be the hold of th

Now Painter draw me Hell in all its heat,
Let fulphurous flames and difmal darkness meet,
And in the hottest place, as best besits,
Draw Stayly, Coleman, and the Fesuits:
Let 'um indure the flaming brimstone rage,
Those bloody Trayterous miscreants of our age,
Those were the men design'd (O horrid act)
Nay were resolved too, to commit the fact;
Base Rebells don't youknow, that Have as high hand
Has still kept safe the Monach of our Land,
And cou'd you think to move our Scene, and do
What Heavens great Lord had nere consented to.
Burn on vile wretches, think well on these things,
What Treason is, what 'tis to Murther Kings.

Now draw in all his Majesty and State,
Our Soveraign Prince, just rising from his Fate;
Pray paint him laughing at the follies done
By th' Pope, and France, his most unchristian Son?
Prithy Old fellow, prithy tell me why,
Old England should so much disturb thy Eye:
Is it because we do not dote like you,
And worship all your Saints we never knew?
If these, Old man, our aggravations be,
Know, we defy thy Mallice, Imps, and thee.

To the KING.

WElcome great Prince, to Life agen, at least, welcom from dangers, which we hope are ceast, Dangers which lately hover'd o're your head, Threatning to strike your rising Glory dead; The Cloud's blown over, and the mists away Portend the rifing of a glorious day? May still your Sacred Majesty give Law
To all your Kingdoms, keeping them in aw, May your bright Crown, as beauteous rays disperse, ne Universe: A sept of the constant of the con As any Monarchs of the Universe.

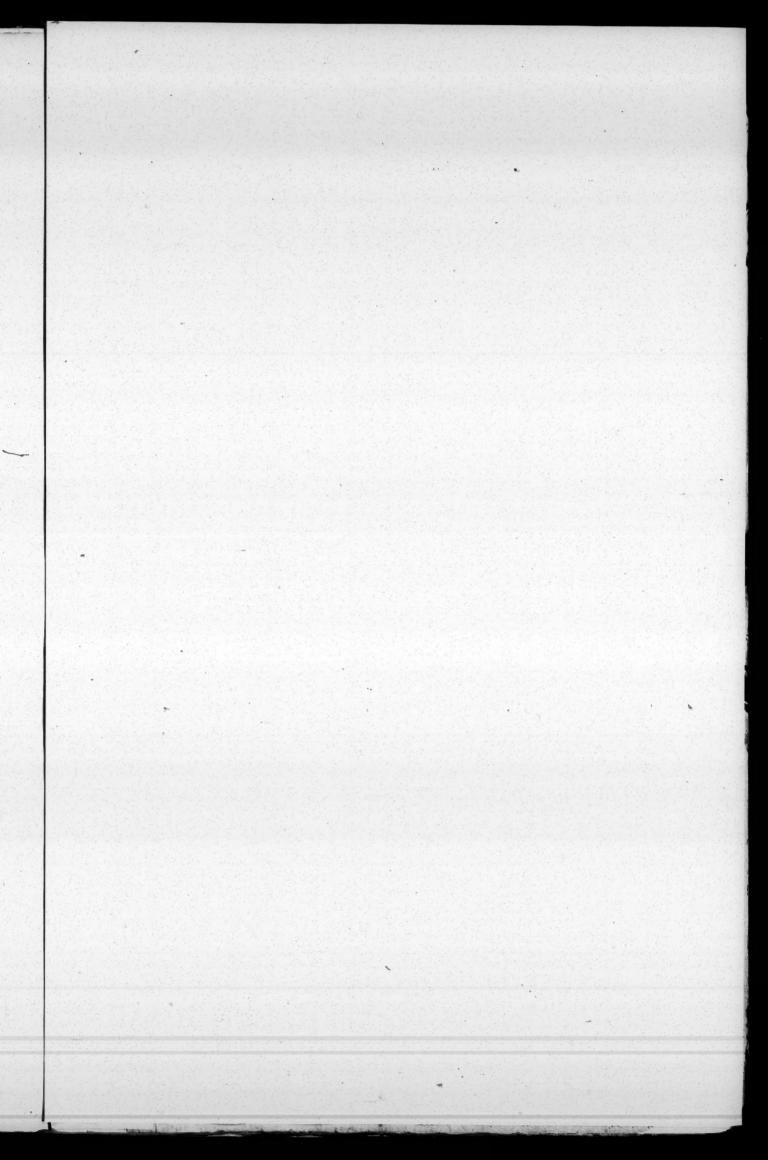
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JESUITS Justification,

Proving they Died as Innocent as the

CHILD UNBORN.

Hey that can do no hurt are innocent As Child unborn, fo the Dead are meant: Therefore they faid they died, not lived fo, Else their last Breath had them oppos'd with no. Which fill'd the Air with Poison in their Word, Able to turn the Edge of Justice Sword. Had it been true, but Truth is not their Guise, Their Sacred Order Lives and Thrives by Lyes. Yet they die Martyrs all. Why? what's the reason? They die all for Religion; which is Treason. Idolatries, Lyes, Blasphemies and worse, Are their Religion, bound up with a Curfe. Poyfons, Rapes, Maffacres, are Saint-like Ware, And Holy Dictates, of the Roman Chair. Perjuries, Murthers, are their Laws; 'twere sin Not to be still found Dutiful therein: To Kill all Hereticks, is no Plot now, But true Devotion, and Religions Vow. Kings are Usurpers, that hold not their Crown Derived from Roman Mitre, and must down. They are more Troublesom than Egypts Frogs, And must be Kill'das Vermine, or Mad Dogs, Thus they Promote the Scarlet Interest, In Honour to the Whore, and to the Beaft. Apollyon, Abaddon, bids them Burn, And Root out Nations that will not Turn. Therefore they merit the three Crowned Horn; And die as Innocent as Child unborn.

FINIS.

PARÁPHRASE Upon Justice,

Or the powerful Operation of GOLD:

fome Resentments against the Proceedings of the CATHOLICK-CAUSE.

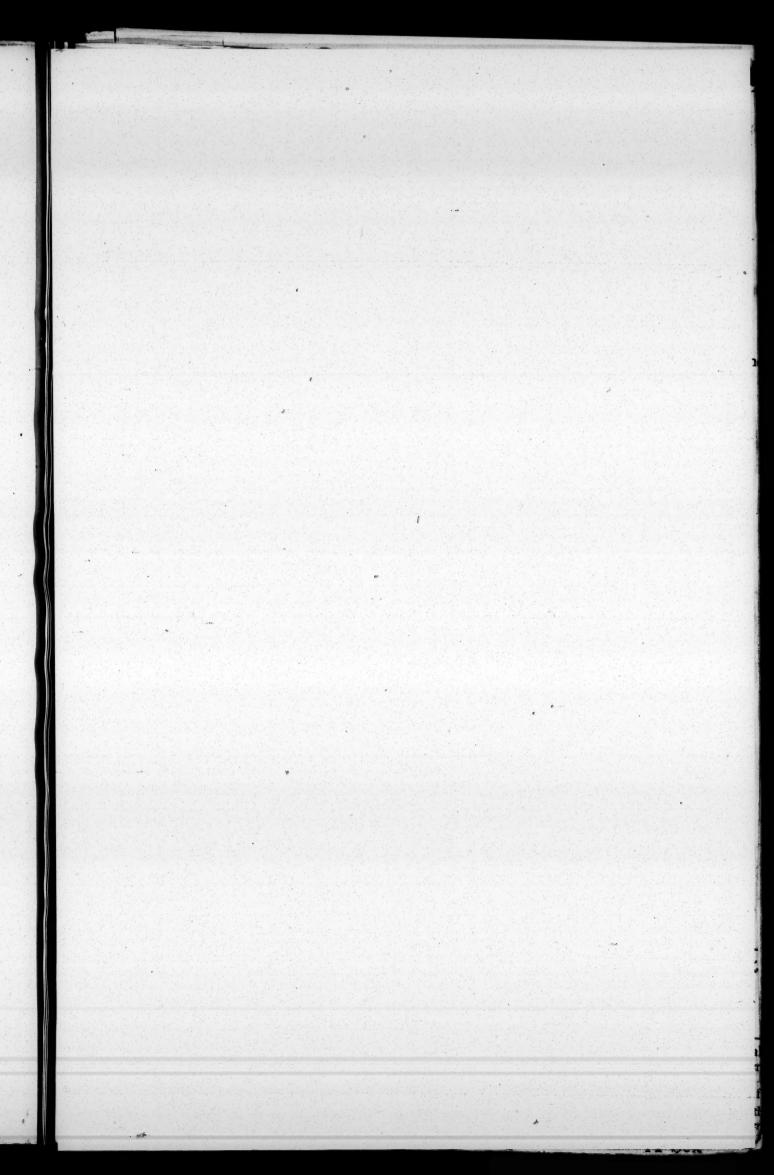
Hat Gold more powerful should than Justice sway; or Indian duft, should Englands Trust berray! What boarding Omens of Approaching Fate, With dusky Wings attends that falling State? Where Justice staggers, and the splendid Laws, Suffer Ecliples, in a Roman Caule. What can we think, when Aftrea thus ascend ; And Cloud, invading Magna Charta Lends? Press'd with the weight of too too ponderous O'res Which Scarlet Robes, Ah me, too oft Adore. If 'tis a Sin to injure Innocence, 'Tis worse indulging him who gave Offence: For what flould Men to Justice have regard, When hated Treason scapes its just reward? The trembling Universemust surely groan, When such pass by who undermine a Throan. Wrack'd Orbs must shiver in a Storm like this, No Nation can hereafter hope for Peace; When swell'd with such success, the Murdering Rout, Like swarms of Locusts, are dispers'd about. Unsafe are Crowns, and sacred Monarchs too; If Traitors are upheld in what they do. When Laws, alas, like Spiders Webs are made, The Great escape, the less by Death are stay'd. But Justice in it self does Splendid prove, It owns no Passion, made of Fear, or Love. In equal Scales the weights the Cause, and then, Destructive Mammon, dares not thrust between. That Conscience sure, is a continual Feast, Where weither Love, Revenge, nor Interest

Can bribe; to preverceate, 'twas happy fure, If Monarchs in all Ages could procure Such faithful Props, whose Candid Souls ne'r knew, That Gold had power to render Man untrue: Or over lavish Mines, could bassle Death, Pronouncing Guilty, Guiltlets, with one Breath. That like the Orbs, an Art there could be found, Orrow'rful Charms, to hurry Conscience round. Tis fure, if we fuch Virtues could possess, They'd much augment our Nations Happinels. Then England would the Land of Promise prove, Founded on Bissis made of perfect Love. No Evening Wolves, nor lurking Serpents Power, Could his at Kings, nor Subjects Wealths devour. No Roman Basilicks could e're prevail, With Golden Heads, their poisoning Art would fail. The best of Princes might repole fecure, Whom wife Omnipotence does still immure. Whill'st Guards of Angels, an Erernal Quire; Inclose him round, in vain does Hell conspire. And his first born, with Flouds of Rage incence; His Virtue's Addamant for his Defence. With flaming Swords, the bright Seraphick Band, (Against whole Arms, not Earth nor Hell can stand) Have strict Command to fave him from his Focs. Who Vipers like, his Royal Self inclose: Whilst Gownmen wink at Treason, and pals by; The black Deligners, of all Villany. Could it be thought, a Traitors Golden Hook Tho Baics of Angels dangl'd, could have took So foon; and from its primal Element, A Soul professing Loyalty have bent? Or to have freed a Wretch, whose horrid Hand; Pan Poison mix'd, to ruine all the Land! Strengthen'd with Fictious Bleffings from that Train; Whose Scarlet Mistriss does or'e Nations Reign. By Tyranny, makes Kingdoms blush with Blood; None dares converte with her, that dares be good. Witness her Agents, blast ye powers above, Their Thoughts for ever, let no Peace nor Love,

In her dire Habitations to abide, No more let Empire in her Smiles Confide . I or why, her Shapes beyond Proteins are, It the wants power to manage her affair. She like a Scorpion, in Iweet Verduce lies; From thence the heed els doth with Death surprise. Mercies a Stranger, and is seldom known; It She by Sword, or Treason Grasps a Throne. For oh the Horrors that attend her Will; To Burn, to Torture Ravish, Poison, Kill. But that our Law, the should infect, is strange! 'Tis the Preludium fore, of faral Change. That Sie like Tove, by Raining Showers of Gold; Should our Chaste Dane Ravish from her hold: Where She for many Ages did relide, A spotles Virgin, Englands chiefest Pride. But now Desil'd, her Guardians have betray'd; Those Cates of Addamant, and thence conveigh'd The glittering Sword, with which She quel'd her Foes: And maugur'd all, that durft presume to close. But now with Shame, She hides her Angel-head, With fable Vails her bashful face is spread. Conquer'd by Dust is She, that did Command, A thousand thousand, and supports the Land. Rome fear'd her Frowns, and trembled too, but now: No longer dwells that Terror on her Brow. That Auful Luster is obscur'd and gone, A dark Eclips of Midnight hurries on. Her facred Scales that were from Heaven fent, With ponderous Interest are to Attoms rent If E're repair'd their far too weak to hold, Against a Storm that's infermix'd with Gold. The feeble fire may Crush, but furely know, Her first design was never orderd so: For the her strength against the mighty bent, And off in pirty spar'd the Imporent. But since her last Astront, she dates not own, That Roman Treatons are in England known. Or that to Murder Princes, was a Crime The blackest Monster Ere was hatch'd by Time.

87

This to the height, promotes Conspiracie, By this they proveno Plot, and all was free: Had Angels spoken but in the ir behalf, Or had their Priests but plac'd a Golden-Calf; The Simptoms of their Cruel Thoughts had been. Quite banished from the Stage and never seen. Nay, now so boldly dictates haughty Rome, Their Grief is past, and ours is yet to come. That their infulting Heroes never fled; But that's untrue, some have unpunished. Nay, and already, as if all was done; To make Deponents odious, they've begun. With Romish querks, they scandalize the State; Reflect on Justice, which they could Translate To their Advantage, as for Plebean Eyes; They strive to cloud'm with a false disguise. And to perswade'm with a fond conceit; The Plot's now vanished, twas a Counterfeir. But Protestants beware, whil'st Crimes they Shroud The Tempest gathers in a louring Cloud. All black it hangs, it bailful Drops will shed; Like Paris Murders, on the Churches Head. When least suspected sullen Fate will come, Instice disarm'd, the next we look for's Rome. Sure Hell produc'd that Villain he inherits, The Land of Darknels, with Tempestuous Spirits. Still may he groan in that infernal Shade: Where Harpies dwell, eternal Thunders Aid. To make his Torments full, that durst extend His cursed Arm, or impious Thoughts could bend Against the Viceroy of that mighty God, Who made the World, and with an auful nod, He Heaven, Eearth and Hells Foundations shakes; And in Protection sacred Princes takes. Tho Men ungrateful wink at Crimes below, His Vengeance sure will ne're be bafled fo. But pay the Traitors home, when all the Gold, Can ne'r relieve, that Indian-Mines infold.



ie Sale of CSAUS withthe

OR, The New BUCKINGHAM BALLAD. oman, or Little Peggey. Ramsey

Wondrous Tale I will relate, The like was never told you, Of English men that England hate, The Town of Bucks has fold you.

To the Tune of The Land

To serve in Parliament they chose Two men I fear to name them 5 For if I did, you would suppose I told a Lye to shame them.

That Beef and Ale should yet prevail You need no longer wonder; For men of wit, must still submit To Fools of greater number.

The D-, the Pope, and Tyranny, Need never fear a Down-fall, For Tiege and Wakeman both would be Elected for a Town-hall.

These Loyal men of Buckingham, True only to their Purfes,) Would fell the Crown t'Inrich the Town, And laugh at all your Curses.

When they have fin'd, and damn'd their fouls, Or to the Devil gave them; Their friend the Pope in him they hope, VVell knowing he can save them.

If Sc--s would take off Oats's head, He need not fear succeeding; But fend him down unto this Town, He foon might fee him bleeding.

Of Thirteen men there are but Six VVho do not merit Hemp-well, The other seven play their Tricks For L- and T-

The Father is a Reprobate, And yet the Son's Elected: The Gawdy Youth comes down in State, And must not be rejected.

Our prating Knight doth owe his Call To Timber, and his Lady, Though one goes longer with Town-hall, Then t'other with her Baby.

These men do to their choosing trudge With all the speed that can be, And make the Son the Father's Judge. To fave great Tom of D-

The Bailiff is so mad a Spark (Though lives by Tanning Leather) That for a Load of Temple's Bark, He'd Sacrifice his Father.

His Horns do shine, his Wife kept fine, All men would blame him had he Not made him stand, whose helping hand Must make him be a Daddy.

He huffs and rants, and calls to Hall, But will not give men warning: When drunk o're night, he takes delight To play the Rogue i'th' morning.

Next comes the Barber, who will do Whatever you desire him; He for a Groat, will cut your Throat, A Lowsie, perjur'd hireling.

God damn and rot his Arm, he cries, And swears like any Lover, For to be true, to three in two, Poor Judas younger Brother.

Of late he huff'd and drank with Lords, But since a sad Disaster Hath summon'd him to Wash and Trim, A Rev'rend Owl his Master.

Another he hath kisi'd a hand, Which puts him in a Rapture; So have I known a Miss o'th' Town. Adore the Fopp that Clapt her.

Since kiffing hands can fo prevail, There's no man need want Riches; If they'l be kind, and come behind, They're welcome to our Breeches.

Thus Buckingham hath led the way To Popery and forrow; Those seven Knaves who make us slaves. Would fell their God to morrow.

Mr. Wa'ter Arnot Ironmonger.

A List of those who Voted for their King and Country, Protestant Religion, and Sir P. - T. Mr. Rogers Draper, Mr. Mason Apothecary, Mr. Robinfon Laceman,

Mr. Eversay Draper, Mr. Brown Gent.

Honest men and True, be not weary of Well-doing. Mr. William Hartly was absent at the Election, nor was there any need of his Company.

Those who Voted for the L--d. L-r. for the E: of D-, for Popery, and for their Town-hal Gorge Dancer Tanner and Bayliff, Henry Hayward Knight of the Post, and Shaver in Ordinary to her Excellency Madge Owlet,
Good Lord deliver us f George Carter Baker Thomas Sheen Farmer, Pellam Sandwell Maulster,

Those who Voted for Sir R. T. his Timber, Chimny-mony & Court, were the same with the L L-s. not wortl The Charter of this Town was given them by Queen Mary for their good Service in the propagation of Poper Therefore (to give the Devil his due) they are but true to the old Cause. K Spagnuoli (B.) Mantucque

MANTUAN English'd, and Paraphras'd:

of its fath Ta, R o I giddy Brain;

CHARACTER

lullen, covetopio ambinous,

A Bad Woman.

MANTECL 3.

Fæmineum servile genus crudele superbum.



Bad Woman! Heav'n bless us, Sirs!
Who dare

Approach so near, to write her Character!

Plagues owe their Birth to her envenom'd Breath;

To see her's dangerous; to touch her, Death.

All Torments, and all Ills, at first did grow

From her, and thence (as from a Spring) still flow.

He favour'd her too much, that call'd her worse

Than all th' Ingredients cramm'd into a Curse.

The Bane of Mankind, Foe to Innocence,

First-born of Hell, and Poysons Quintessence;

Creations Blot, and Natures great st Disgrace,

The Seven Deadly Sins drawn in One Face.

(1)

A Sex for Servitude by Heav'n design'd,
Yet the most proud and cruel of Humane kind;
Bold, flattering, fond, distainful, idle, vain,
A double Tongue, false Heart, and giddy Brain;
Inconstant gadding, tailing, simple, light,
Compos d of Rashness, Self-love, Fraud, and Spite;
Revengeful, sullen, covetous, ambitious,
Always complaining, envious, superstitious;
Faithless, ungrateful, subtle, troubleson
Contentious with her Neighbours, more at Home:
Who always lives in the Intemperate Zone;
For Means and Measure she'l be rul'd by none;
But chilling Frost, or scorebing Dog-days proves,
Mortally hates, or else too fondly loves.

The Studies of her Youth are wanton Dances,
Lascivious Songs, Plays, Masquerades, Romances;
These antedate her guilty, and begin
To debauch her long before she's ripe for Sin.
She ne're regards the Laws of Right and fust,
But tramples all things to promote her Lust.
The Wickedness her Strength to act denies,
She by Deceit and Subtlety supplies.

With seeming Modesty she baits her Hooks, Consults her Glass to frame enticing Looks, Lisps, minces, simpers, and instructs her Eyes What Glances are most charming, to surprise: Her Face (as Tavern-Bush) bedeck'd with Toys, Son Our easie Youth into her Toyl decoys:

Her

Her Curls, like Streamers waving, feem to court Each spritely Combatant to storm the Fort; Whilst naked pancing Breasts too plainly shew Th' insatiste Thirst that she endures below. And though in Single Life she oft be naught, Yet when at length some doating Fop sh' hath caught, And into wretched Noose of Wedlock brought, By Midwife-Rules the boldly goes to Bed, And on the Novice pawns a Maiden-head: Who starts next Morn to see her in his Arms; She's perfect Hag, when stripp'd of Arts gay Charms; The painted Roses of her Cheeks are dropt, Hunch-back's discoverd, with Pads underpropt; He's forc'd with strong Perfumes to guard his Nose From poys'nous Whiffs of Breath, Arm-pits, and Toes. Ab cursed Love! well art thou feined Blind. His mistake's no less fatal in her Mind. Handsom, she proves a Wench; Deform'd, a Witch; If Poor, the makes him Beggar; Slave, if Rich: Or if th' affects the Name of Virtuous Woman, (That's one who fins but feldom, is not Common) She then takes privilege, and thinks she may Justly rant, domineer, and disobey.

Her Husband soon into Consumption cast:
(For Back and Purse do both together waste.)
Whiles to allay, not quench her wanton Fires,
Sometimes she Dildoes, sometime Stalion hires.
Fine Clothes, new Fashions, Gossiping, rich Fare,
And sturdy Gallants, take up all her Care.

Honour

Honour she counts an empty term, no tye; Her Zeal's Pretence; her Study, Vanity; Her Beduty, Paint; ber Wit, Bawdry refin'd; Her Kiffes, Baits; her Love, a Snare design'd; Her Soul (if the have one) to foul and base, Hell's half asham'd it self t'afford it place.

But hold; enough. Let none be angry here, And think our Pen too sharp a Nib doth bear: All this of a Bad Woman's understood: But prithee (Reader) shew me One that's Good.

> FIXIS. - Anna Carlot of the Color of t

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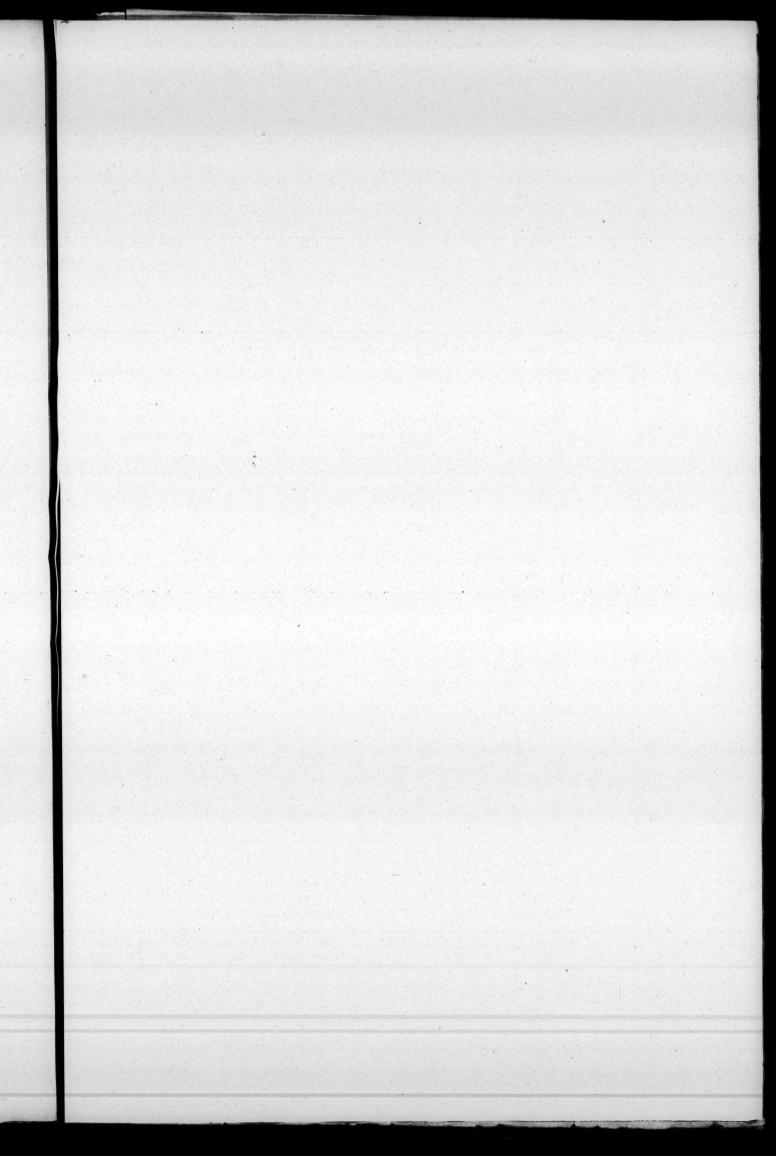
So econos the Dallers, bear dine Sizion lines. Time Chothes, new Pallitons, Golsiping, rich Fare

And Rardy Gallams, take up all her Cate.

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Elenour



Spectrum Anti-Monarchicum.

OR, THE

Ghost of Hugh Peters,

AS

He lately Appeared to his Beloved Son, the whole Assembly

OF

Fanatick Pzelbyters.

O! from the dark Recess of deepest Hell, Where nought but Souls of blackest Traytors dwell, Thy Faithless Father comes, whose Curled Change, Has made him farr more Active for Revenge. Awake! and fee how (wrapt in flames) I stand With Injur'd Head lopt off by Hangman's hand. Lo! its Wise Tongue that spoke that God-like Reason. Which Daunted Chits and Loyal Fools call Treason. See! how 'twixt fester'd lips it doth Lament Of Pains Impatient as of Government. Ah! Pity Son, Pity thy Father's Case, Who so unjustly has been doom'd this Place; A Thousand Tortures hurry through my Blood Black with Infection as the Stygian Flood. Now sportive Devils with their tricks of youth, Naked as (what I never knew) the Truth, With Senses too too Apt for Life, t'expire, Drag my unwasting Carcase through the fire. Then Brawny Fiends full grown for Painful blow With Rods of Sulphur lash me to and fro ----

[2]

All Anguish as I run this Dismal Chase, The Aged Imps spit Nitre in my Face. Thus Plung'd in griefs when I for Mercy cry, Insatiate Hell Eccho's Eternity! This, this, All this, my Darling boy! I feel Only for Hatching up a Common-Weal. For th' Pious Rescue of your Ravish'd Laws, And nobly fighting for the good old Cause. For making room for Conscience 'gainst your Prince, For which it has been larger ever fince. For frugal Building up a Tub, in which The Spawling Sot might Brew as well as Preach. For Cropping Ceremonies, pulling down The Church, that We might circumcife the Crown. For Casting Lots upon the Bishops Lawn, And making their Poffessions Puritan. For turning Top of House to th House of Prayer, And fighing till the Organ-Pipes came there. For Robbing Sinful Steeples of their Mettles Beat into Honest Non-Conformist Kettles. For Sweeping Choirs of Prebendaries clean, Led by a great fat Bell-Wether, a Dean For boldly Levelling these Proud Degrees. And burning Car-mens Frocks call'd Surplices. For long defending of your harmless Lives, Your Precious Liberties, and Pious Wives. For such bles'd Deeds, such Meritorious things; Nay! and for this, which greater Anguish brings, The little Venial Crime of Killing Kings. And can'ft thou hear my troubled Spirit groan For speedy Vengeance on that Guilty Throne, And want that faving Vertue to Rebel, And Damn it with that Law by which I fell? Art thou not Tyrant-Crush'd? art thou not hee Would'st blast Succession for thy Liberty?

Art thou not Prelate bound? art thou not one Would'st Smite that Beast? nay! art thou not my Son? That Matchless Name of Issue may suffice: 'Tis my Malignant Blood that Qualifies For strict Revenge, and can your Soul Possess With Ills as Damn'd as is my Damn'd Distress. You told me once you would my Griefs abate, And then Petition'd Hell to vindicate My Wrongs with thee. What dire Confults? how foul. Were thy Resolves? such as made Fury's houl, Dread Devils shrink, fresh Judgments rage about, And Caverns burst to let its Poison out. Twas in the Sulphry Womb of Acharon, Where these delightful Counsels first began. A Thousands Legions Conventicl'd there, All Sons of Envy Sullen with despair. Whilst you the Mistery of my Cause discuss'd, And Rhadamanthus Cry'd, Revenge was Just. 'I was here, thou didst Recount and Whisper me Your Years of Falshood, Days of Loyalty. Didst thou not tell me thou could'st wisely sound Riddles of State, that thou might It States confound, That thou could'st Set the Trampled Subject free, And boldly Muzzle Awful Majestie; Raise new Asylums and Protect our Lives, By Rifling Kings to Steal Prerogatives? If these thy Virtues are? lo! then to dye, Turns my sad Conflict into Victory: No more I will my Wretched doubts Pursue, My bloody Principles I find in You. You and We Devils did together fall. Rebellion is the Essence of us All.

Innocence Unveil'd:

APOEM

On the Acquittal of the

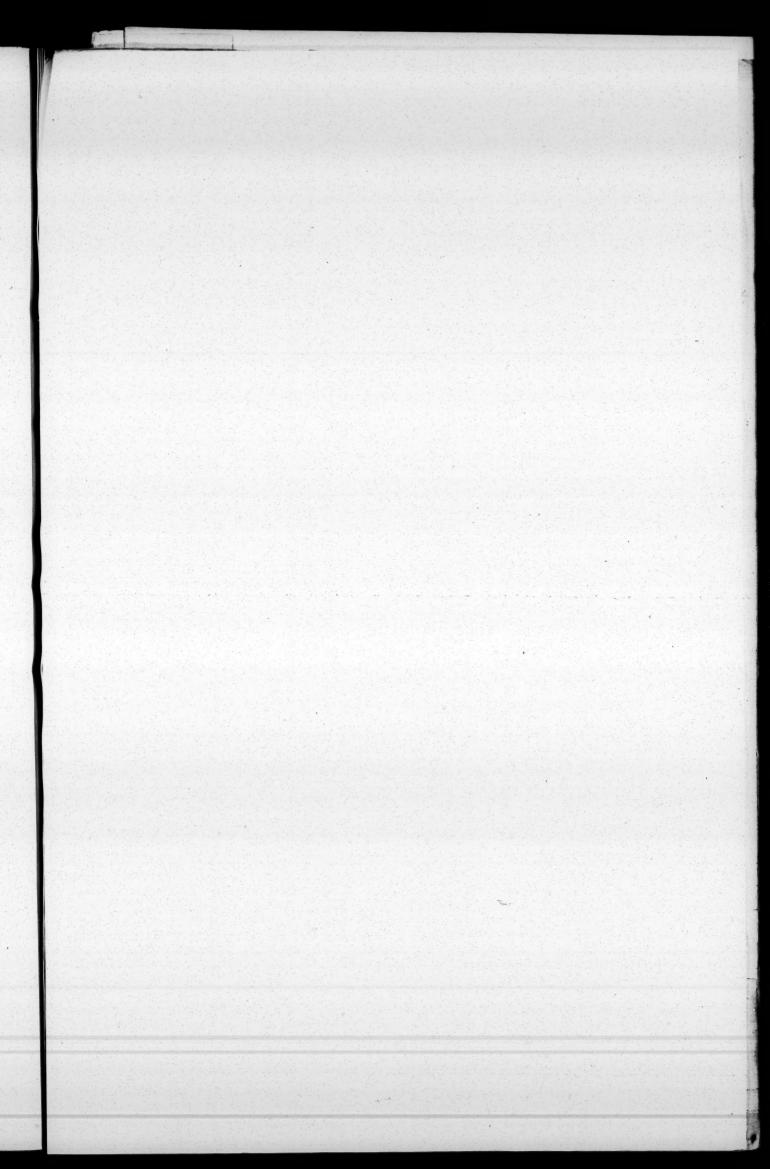
Lozd Chief Justice Scroggs,

Right Honourable,

Mperious Bedlow, and his Oaten Friend, Will now begin to buckle, or to bend: Now I do plainly see that they are Fools, They find it dang'rous meddling with Edge-Tools Justice is sharp when it's too much abus'd; Justice unjustly lately was accus'd: And now what follows? Scourges of the Law, To keep fuch bold-fac'd Fellows all in awe. Your Innocence (unless I mis my mark) Will make their Evidence look dull and dark. Had they but found you Guilry, I dare fwing If they had let alone our Gracious King. Their Heads were very high, their Hearts too stout, Now give their Pride and Confidence a rout. The House of Commons is there All in All, And while They stand, the Coxcombs cannot fall. This is their strong conceit; they do not fear: But ev'ry man that has an ear to hear, Shall shortly hear that they have spoil'd their sport By nothing more, than by this falle Report. Those Scriblers Harris, Smith, and Care, will quake, For their Foundation doth begin to shake: The first and second Saviour both look pale, To fee their Gall and Malice doth fo fail:

The Rubbish is remov'd, Knaves must fly hence, For who can stand against your Innocence! The Chief in Justice shines in's proper place, Whilst Envy lies obscur'd with great disgrace. Plot on thou puny Levite, but beware (Both Thou, the Captain, Harris, Smith and Care,) Of him you aim'd to catch within your Snare. His great Integrity is fully known, And well approv'd by him that wears the Crown; Is't a light thing to tread our Justice down? Might Justice once be trodden under feet, Then ev'ry Knave would strive for CHARLES his Seat: Justice is not so weak as you suppose; Your Smith may sooner take the Devil by th' Nose, Than think his Libels, or your Oaths can taint That that's the badge of ev'ry Earthly Saint. Injustice is your Justice, I'me afraid, But yet by Justice you shall all be paid: You have had Rope enough, too much, I doubt. Indeed I wonder that your Necks are out: You are not Hang'd, but 'choak'd up in your Throats 5 Now who'l believe the Rev'rend Dr. Oates, Or the Heroick Captain? Commons may Not when they find your Truth is gone aftray: My Lord Chief Justice Story will be told, And 'twill appear that you have been too bold, And Truth and Justice both at once you've fold.

> FINIS. 4 JA 55



To his Royal Bighnels the Duke.

Hey who oppose your Right unto the Crown, Would, had they pow'r, pull Monarchy quite down:
'Tis not, so qualified they would have one Of this, or that Religion, on the Throne; No, no, we know their minds, they would have none. The men that lately kept from Charles his due, Now promise fair to dis-inherit you; They who explede your Right, to make us flaves, Are not Prelumptive, but Apparent Knaves: By our Differtions they would smooth their way, And from Contenders hope to fnatch the Prey. But such men seldom in the end can boast, They threaten loud, but still their Cause is lost In such affairs, they'll find it to their cost. Still the old Cheat, Religion is the cry, And made the Ram to batter Monarchy; Cause they deserve, they fear the smarting Rod, And most Religiously distrust their God. Envy at Regal Sway, (Ah it is lad) And Zeal mis-guided made those Bill-men mad: Thele took rash measures, and did ill advise; But without jealouse or wrong surmile, The tuture will prove Loyal, Calm, and Wise. To us it cannot but assurance bring, That a good Man can make as good a King. Factious design, and damn'd Plebeian rage, Does to no mean degree distract the Age, And watch the tott'ring of our settled State. But can we be such Sheep, such careless Elves, Not to beware the Wolves among our selves? Thole Beasts of Prey, that lurk in a disguise, That wear our skins; 'tis there our danger lies: Against their Brother-Wolves they raise the cry, 'Caule their Addresses are not half so slie. A Papilt feems a Papilt to our fight, But our Fanatick, 'cause he would not fright, Daubs o'er the Devil like a Child of Light. But Ah! great Sir, where you should still Command, You, like a Stranger, visit your own Land; You for a moment Tantalize our fight, Then, like the absent Sun, you give us night: But 'tis the ready way, we must confess, To make us know and prize our happiness; Whilst all do suffer, for the faulty tew, England must lose it self in losing you.

But to Great Britain come

May you in highest splendor live, and be
Happy and safe, Great Sir, in One of Three.
Sir, may your Right no otherwise prove vain,
Than by the length of our Great CHARLES his Reign.
We cannot, Sir, but prove a happy Nation;
One bliss enjoy'd, another in expectation.
There but remains this great Truth in the close,
Your Virtue and Courage, Sir, the whole World knows,
And y' are born for Conquest o'er your Foes.

FINIS.

3

THE

HUMBLE PETITIONS

MAJ

Truly Loyal PROTESTANT Subjects, by some called PRESBYTERIANS, for a blessed Reformation.

May it please your Majesty,



OULD you but banish all your friends, And let our Petitioners have their Ends-Call 'em good Subjects and make 'em amends 5

This is the time.

Would you your power of Pardon lofe, And give us leave to call all those (You know your friends) the Kingdomes Foes;
This &c.

Would your Majesty please to presental those Who to a Subfidy Bill Hollow out (Noes). So by making one friend to assure you ten Foes;

This &c.

Would you lets have the Souldiery at our Command, Difinherit your Brother out of hand, And so intail a War upon the Land;

This &c.

Would you give M. leave to undo Himself and all the Nation too; And him that opposes it think your Foe;

This &c.

Would

Would your Majesty please to stile all those Papists, That are not either rank Presbyterians or Atheists, And ne're think of th' mistake till it too late is;

This &c.

World you the Lord President disgrace, And lets call him Papift to his face, And pur our friend Harris in L'Estranges place;

Would you hand Scroggs, 'tis no matter for reason, And all those that won't be perjur'd in season--And give us a Patent for talking of Treason;

TYBELA Would your Majelly let us invent and disclose Gran I frailties in you which no body knows And let ours be wink't at, though much greater than those; This &c.

Would you lets into the Prerogative fearch, -Lets murder the Bishops and Plunder the Church, Lead the Lords by the Nose, and then leave em in the Lurch;

Would you let us the good Old Cause renew. Tax evil Counfellors and Tacitly you First Straffordize Landerdale, and next your felf too; This is the time.

And your Petitioners shall ever pray, &c.

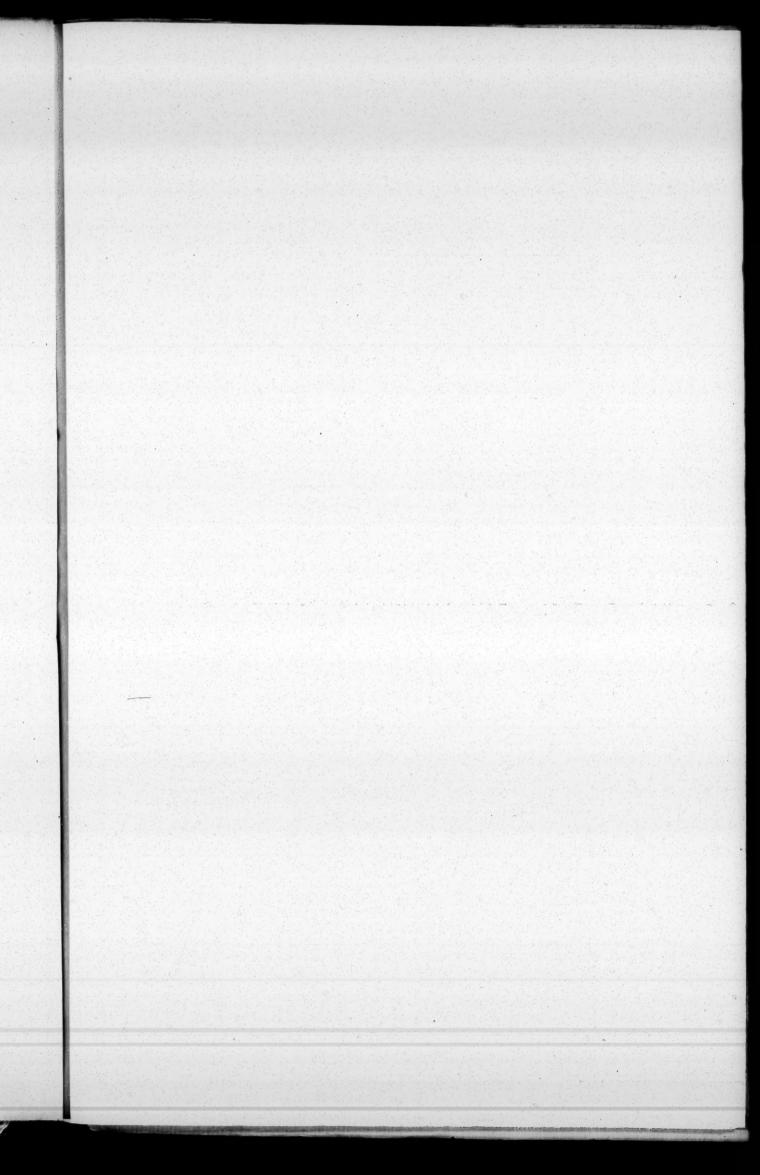
Goodf you le tree foisseille tre confostantiel. De dierie voe enventre von en bring. An Hoffmal a Var aporté el sur:

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id you give M leave rounde a oot notice out the bandivents and him that or of his chirt your Free

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blug



DELIQUIUM:

The Grievances of the Nation

DISCOVERED

IN A DREAM.

From Evenings Coffee, lac'd with long Argument Cof the Kings Power and Rights of Parliament,
And hot-brain'd Company, who make it their Vocation, Waving their own, to mind th' Affairs o'th' Nation; Whose Noddles for these many Months have been Hatchers of Grievances unfelt, unfeen; Ill-manner'd Fools, whose Ignorance is Hate, They understand not, therefore blame the State. Their real Grievance is their want of sence, Beafts in all things but in Obedience. Cloy'd with their noisie Cant (in equal plight Of laughter, scorn, and grief) I bid good night: Troubl'd to think of England's Grand Disease, Groaning with th' Burthen of fuch Sots as thefe, To bed I went, where restless long I lay, Despair'd of Sleep, and waited for the day: Lord! (faid I) must our Monarch ne're have rest? The more indulgent, th' more he is opprest With Fools that know not, think not what they want; Their Defire granted, they'l foon cure the Grant: Yet the King's still in fault! methinks I fee Tears flowing down the Cheeks of Majesty.

If I am troubled, how much more is He,
Who bears the burthen of their Calumny? Thus lay I long, my Soul quite spent with Sighs,

When Sleep insensibly stole o're my Eyes.

From lump of Flesh unchain'd, methought my Soul Through Dark Unwholsome Foggy Mists did rowl, Horrour increasing still, methought I came To the dire Mansions of Eternal Flame, The Gates of Brass transparent were, and thence Flew Azure Flames with Smoak of nauscous stench, With a confused noise of Howls and Groans, Such as would melt (if any thing can) Stones. The horrour quell'd my Spirit, that I flood Maz'd and insensitive as Stone or Wood, Till by a Friend reviv'd ; Chear thee, quoth he, This place as yet is not design d for thee. He led me through the Gates, where lo, a place, Larger then all this lower Worlds vast space, The Torments gave some light (else dark as night) A pale bituminous discolour'd Light,

Myriads of wretched Souls my Fancy view'd,

Weltring in Flames, with Pitch and Brimstone strew'd.

Just at the Gate th' Infernal Senate sate; For know, that Hell's no Kingdom, but a State; A Democractick State; for it affords (As I was told) no King nor House of Lords: Tho' Lucifer's a kind of Prince, he sate But Chairman, or rather Speaker to the State; A Troop of Ghaftly Fiends furround his Chair, All which of a Select Committee were, Who (having plaid their Devils part fo well) Had been Elected Eurgesses of Hell: Two who were lately to Europia sent, Stood now for Members of the Parliament. O Tes was strait proclaim'd; Appear, appear, You that are Candidates; mighty Lucifer Affures his Vote for him who merits best For his Europia Service; All the rest To Lucifer with formal Bows submit; They would consent to what His Grace thought fit.

Python appear'd; Great Sir, faid be, fince I Went with this Honour able House's Embaffy, T' Europia, I ha' brought that Realm to be An't please Your Grace, in all Conformity To Your desires; But first I must confess Letters of Credence from his Holiness (Your Grace's Correspondent) I procur'd To some Lords there; whom I before insur'd By my Ignatian Friends; O! they're a Crew Of the most hearty, diligent and true, Zealous unwearied Boys, to propagate
What may conduce to th' Good of this Our State? Had they but Cunning equal to their Will,
This Place with Humane Souls they'd quickly fill;
You'd need no other Fiends: Thele did my work, And privily about the Realm did lurk: Some ign'rant Bigots they engag'd, and some Only with th' pleasing pride of Martyrdom; Some by Ambirion's Bait were finely caught, All things at once boldly to venture at:
But I confess, though all my Art I try'd To bring the Great Almanzer to Our fide,

Papist

I fail'd; But then I got it buz'd that He Would foon make one in the Conspiracy:
This tickl'd and engag'd them in that P L O T Which by th' Eutopians ne'r will be forgot.
In flort, This Honourable House knows well.
How I've deservida Burgess ship in Hell;
If not, we've some figures here can tell.
Then through the House a murmuring Applaule Shew'd that they all inclin'd to Python's Cause.

When Syphax, th'other Candidate appear'd,
Great Sir, Jaidhe, I hope my Cause (when heard)
Will gain your suffrage; Mighty Sir, You know
M'Opponent's method was a while ago
Us'd by Canturogan, Your Agent then
Toth same Kealms, though but in vain; since when
Others with like Effects have us'd it; I
Us'd the experienc'd Rule, Presbycery:
This was the method, Mighty Lucyer!
That brought Ten thousand Rebel Souls a year
For twenty years together to this place,
For Python's part, an't please Your Grace,
He hatch't a Plot I must confess, but what
Effects did this his so much talkt of Plot
Produce? Why faith he e'en sent here no more
Than those who were Your Grace's own before.
For my own part, I to the House will give

Of all my Actions a short Narrative.

Ingrave and comly Hypocritick Drefs, Bearing the outward form of Godlines, I cloath'd my felf, and to Europia went, Haunted the City, Court and Parliament; And in short time pick'd up a numerous Crew Of all Religions; every Sect a few: I made all those my own who took great pains To make their feeming Godliness their gains: All those who use Religion for a fashion, Or feen to thrive by th' ruine of the Nation; All who'd at Court their expectations croft, Or by ill manners had Preferments left : 11 All those who were engag'd in the late Broils, In the King's Death and the three Nations Spoils," And had this King's late Act of Grace abus'd By their unnatural Ingraticude: All who had loft their Games, and now would fain, For their own turn, have the Cards dealt again. I found one fit at last to steer these right, A Favourite of theirs, a much fam'd Wight, Capricio call'd, and thereby hangs a Tale, Meager his Visage is, his Face as pale As his Deeds black; Dame Nature fure defign'd That by his out-fide men might know his mind: Hell's in his Body, and his shrive d'Skin Seems dropping from his rotten Bones within: His Corrupt Tortur'd Body does convey Fresh Spleen and Rancour to his Heart each day; Which left it thou'd o'reflow, or by mithap Be over-charg'd from Sun or Fleece, a Tap Is in his Body fix'd, with curious Art, Which from his double Envy-canker'd heart, By pumping, does exhauft th' exundant Juice, Referving full enough for's daily use. With this half Fiend I many Confults had, And we at last this Resolution made: Almanzor's due Succession to oppose, Among his many unprovoked Foes: We chose young Marcion, not for any love, But to undo the Youth, as time will prove : Poor easie Prince, he little thinks that we Prostitute this his weak Credulity

To our own use, to Anarchize the State, And haften his too foon intended Fate: Disgusted Lords we got some two or three, To put their helping hands to Anarchy. Amongst the rest one Libertino nam'd, of him I must confess I was asham'd, His vitious Life did much disgrace the Cause; But twas chough, his hate to King, Church, Laws, And Government in general, drew the rude Unthinking, Jealous, Headlong Multitude To esteem him so that he this Title bears, One of the Protestant Eutopian Peers. With these in close Cabals sometime I pass'd, And forg'd a feafible Defign at laft: Twas thought without some provocation 'twere Not fit our Cause in publick should appear : I pitch'd upon a Rogue, the truth to tell, Has not his Fellow even here in Hell, Upon our Crew we forg'd a Plot, which he First brought to light; A Re-discovery He made as foon, Swore to, and was believ'd, Then our good Party found themselves aggriev'd, And cry'd aloud, THESE TORY'S, Bretheren, fee; Behold, we fay, the Lords Delivery. This was some Bishop sure, or Masquerader. Soon after this a Son accus'd his Father; Forwards and backwards Swears, at last he Vows, Sir, He was fubborn'd by that fame Papilt Towzer. Things went on well, and now they thought 'twas time The Ladder of Rebellion they should climbe: The Senate fare, High for the Good Old Canfe, Maina Charra, and Fundamental Laws, No Arbitrary Power, but We must give Necessary Limits to Prerogative, Though the King mayn't, yet We may break the Laws, Punish at pleasure, though without a Cause; Then must Almanzor be excluded, He Has too much Spirit, too much bravery They must and will have presently Redress, Of a long Bead-roll of Grievances. And thefe are fuch as the K won't, her can't, Nature and Conscience will not let han grant : linot, no Money, Sirs, what e're come on't; A Fig for Foreign Foes, fo the K? want! Councellors must be tax'd, and most of all Hali, whom they had nought to charge with all, But only 'cause he could discern the Weather, And judge when Elements would clash together; They do not think it fafe that any Lord That has but sence, should fit at Council Board; Those that fit there should in their Foreheads have Their Beaft-ships Mark of either Fool or Knaves Who lov'd the K. was Voted straight to be Betrayer of the Subjects Liberty And their old long-lov'd Darling Property. Capricio tells them next, they want a Prince Fit to be trusted with the Rule; and since The present King's not such, they think twere fat That they be trusted both with Him and It. In thort, I've brought that Kingdom, now of late, In all Conformity so near our State, That who oever fees both, will furely Swear Tis an exact true Partern of This here. Then fuch loud fhours from all the Senate came, That I awak'd, and found it but a Dream:

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The Pen-men and Speech-men of the Times,

IOw every Scribler does the Press invade. And what was a Diversion's grown a Trade. Some Poets born with five lame Feet for measure, And two bald Rhymes, think to give Reader pleasure: So with Ear tickling, and deceitful cadence, Supply the great defect of Wit and Sence. Some who for Verse ne'r scratcht Pate, laugh at those, That help out Sence with Rhyme, and in loose Prose, Vent yet more wretched Stuff themselves; howe're With this advantage, that it does more appear In Profe; for where the Work's in measure wrought, The Rhyme oft hides the meanness of the thought. But now we have feen the manner, to the Men, And to the weighty Subject of each Pen. Here a brave Knight with hundreds at his heels, Through many a Street, Lane, turnings, windings, wheels. Lord Mayor at Guild-hall, thither he would reach, In pain till he's delivered of a Speech. There in grave form and studied Oration, He shews first his Concern for the whole Nation. Then for the City his continual care, Tells them what are their dangers, what his fear. Requires Guards twice as many as before, For the Duke's landed, and with him three more. But some who did the well-penn'd Speech observe, Believ'd it might a Comment well deserve. Comment as well as Speech came both to light, But fuch the Care and Interest of our Knight: Speech had its Answer, but Hawker's Prisoner sent, Though it explain'd but Acts of Parliament. Some say the Author deserv'd Hawker's pain, For laying open City's Tricks of gain. For what had he to do with Sheriffalty, Or little fecret Thefts by Livery? A fawcy Slave, and so indeed he was, To oppose City's-Cheats with Statute-Laws. Yet some there are yet of another mind, For thoughts of men agree not like their kind. These think 'tis strange; if every one had right, Author nor Hawker Prisoner, but the Knight. Here a bold Knave Succession shall decide, And banish Princes with every ebbing Tide; And boldly tell you in his Speech or Song, (Call't which you please) to whom the Crown belongs. And as the Villain scans his Interests o're, Gainst one, a point or two of Faith shall more Than a just Right by a thousand years made good, And a continued Line of Royal Blood. But now lest ill opinion spread too fast, Another with his Rhymes to Press makes hast, And thinks by them to give a helping hand To the great Right, which of it felf can stand;

Sets forth his vertues, and many a mighty deed, As though those vertues did his Verses need. Both Fools alike, though each his due 'tis fit, This has less malice, but as little wit. Others who feek their Fortunes to increase, Which they could never do in Times of Peace, When scurvy Law and Justice bear the sway, And give no countenance to Sword to pray, Seek to distract the Peoples minds with fear, Of Evils great, but know not when, nor where, Till they have drain'd their little Sense so far, That themselves though they know not why, cry War: For well those Cannibals, too well they know The mischiefs that from such distractions flow; For though the Bar with private Difference rings, They know the Sword alone decides for Kings; And very well the Slaves remember too, How great that way some men but lately grew. But why should States to such protection give, Who by that only that ruines others, live But stay, here's that make all their labours vain, The King's return'd, and in full strength again; He by his health removes our loyal fear, Well may our Knight remove his needless care. Fires, Healths and Bells spake welcome in all parts, But none like that which spake all loyal hearts. Part of their Goods their joy consumes, you read In that, that all the rest is his at need. Well knew th' Almighty, enemy of strife, The high Importance of the Sacred Life, The high Concern oft to both Church and State, And therefore kindly did avert the Fate. Pitiles death! that with one stroke alone, Three Kingdoms had and their sweet hopes undone \$ And just it was that we who liv'd in You, Great Sir, should have one life, and die then too. Cease then ye Scriblers, Pres and Town t'infest, And Cautious Knight set thoughtful heart at rest; For he who has so long our safety been, In this new life affures us oft agen, Our Laws free course, our Fortunes safely ours, Whilst as we ought, we honour higher Powers 5 For fure where Subjects Kings just Rights deny, Themselves compel and cause the Tyranny. And what should we but Fools and Knaves appear? If whilst gainst Rome's Religion we declare, Abhor their Principles, their Maxims damn, Our felves should practife what we judge in them? Since our Faith's Theory teaches better things, Let's learn the Practick, and be just to Kings.

To the Tune of Old Simon the King.

R Ebellion hath broken up House,
And hath left me old Lumber to
Come hither and take your choice;
I'le promise to use you well.
Will you buy the old Speaker's Chair,
Which was warm, and easie to sit in,
And often-times hath been made clean,
When as it was fouler then fitting,
Says old Symon the King,
Says old Symon the King,
(Nose,
With his thread-bare (loaths, and his mamsey

Sing hey ding, ding, a ding ding
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Will you buy any Bacon-flitches?
They're the fattest that ever were spent;
They're the sides of the Old Committees,

Fed up with th' Long Parliament.

Here's a pair of Bellows and Tongs,
And for a small matter I'le sell 'em;

They're made of the Presbyters Lungs,
To blow up the Coals of Rebellion,
Says old Symon the King, &c.

I had thought to have given them once To some Black-Smith for his Forge; But, now I have consider'd on't,

They're Consecrated to th' Church;
For I'le give them to some Choir,
To make the Organs to rore,
And the little Pipes squeek higher
Than ever they did before,
Says old Symon the King, &c.

Here's a couple of Stools for fale,

The one square, and t'other is round;

Betwixt them both the Tail

Of the RUMP fell unto the ground.

Will you buy the States Council-Table,

Which was made of the good Wain-Scot;

The frame was a tottering Babel,

To usheld the Independent Plat?

To uphold th' Independent Plot?

Says old Symon the King, &c.

Here's the Beesom of Reformation,
Which should have made clean the Floor;
But it swept the Wealth out of th'Nation,
And left us Dirt good store.

Will you buy the States Spinning-wheel,
Which spun for the Ropers Trade?
But better it had stood still,
For pow it has spun a fair Threed.

For now it has spun a fair Threed, Saysold Symon the King, &c. Which was made of a Butchers stump;
And oft-times it hath been us'd

To cure the Colde of the P.Z. M.P.

To cure the Colds of the RVMP. Here's a lump of Pilgrim-Salve,

Which once was a Justice of Peace, Who Nol and the Devil did serve;
But now it is come to This,
Says old Symon the King, &c.

Here's a Roll of States Tobacco,
If any Good Fellow will take it:
It's neither Virginia nor Spanish,

But I'le tell you how they do make it;
'Tis (ovenant mixt with Engagement,
With an Abjuration-Oath;

And many of them that did take it Complain it is foul in the mouth, Says old Symon the King, &c.

Yet the Ashes may happily serve
To Sure the Scab of the Nation,
When they have an Itch to serve
A Rebellion by Innovation.
A Lanthorn here is to be bought,

The like was scarce e'r begotten; For many a Plot 't has found out, Before they ever were thought-on, Says old Symon the King, &c.

Will you buy the Rump's great Saddle,
Which once did carry the Nation?
And heres the Bitt and the Bridle,
And Curb of Diffimulation.
Here's the Breeches of the Rump,
With a fair diffembling Cloak,
And a Tresbyterian Jump,
With an Independent Smock,
Says old Symon the King, &c.

Here's Oliver's Brewing Veffels,
And here's his Dray and his Slings:
Here's Hemfon's Aul and his Briftles,
With divers other odd things.
And what doth the Price belong
To all these matters before ye?
I'le fell them all for an Old Section

l'le sell them all for an Old Song,
And so I do end my story,
Says old Symon the King,
Says old Symon the King,
With his thread-bare Cloaths, and his mansey

Sing hey ding, ding, a ding ding,

LONDON: Printed for ALLEN BANKS. 1682.

THELAST

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Will and Testament

ANTHONY King of Poland.

Should not the good, the great Potapskie die? Grim Death, who lays us all upon our backs, Instead of Scyth, doth now advance his Ax:

And I, who all my life in broils have spent,

Intend at last to make a Settlement.

Imprimis for my Soul (though I had thought To we left that thing, I never minded, out)
Some do advise, for tear of doing wrong,
To give it him, to whom it doth belong;
But I, who all mankind have cheated, now
Intend likewise to cheat the Devil too:
Therefore I leave my Soul unto my Son,
For ke, as Wise Men think, as yet has none.

Then for my Polific Crown, that pretty thing, Let M—— take 't, who longs to be a King; His Empty head foft Nature did design For such a light and airy Crown as mine.

Withmy Estate, I'll tell you how it stands,

Jack Ketch must have my Cloaths, the King my Lands.

Item I leave the damn'd Affociation

Item I leave the damn'd Affociation
To all the wife disturbers of the Nation,
Not that I think they'll gain their ends thereby,
But that they may be bang'd as well as I.

A-ng. (in Murders, and in Whoring skill'd, Who twenty Bestards gets for one man kill'd) To thee I do be queath my Brace of Whores, Long kept to draw the humours from my Sores; For you they'll serve as well as Silver Tap, For Women give, and sometimes cure a Clap.

H—d my partner in Captivity,
Falle to thy God and King, but true to me,
To thee some heinious Legacy I'd give,
But that, I think, thou hast not long to live s
Besides thou'st wickedness enough in store
To serve thy self and twenty thousand more.

To thee (young G—) I'll some small Toy present, For you with any thing can be content,
Then take the Knise with which I cut my Corus,
'I will serve to pare and sharp your Lordships H---ns,
That you may rampant M— push, and gore
The shall leave your House, and change his Whore"On top of Monument let my Head stand

It felf a Monument, where first began
The Flame, that has endanger'd all the Land.
But first to Titus let my Ears be thrown,
For he, 'tis thought, will shortly lose his own.

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Heave old Baxter my invenom'd Teeth To bite and poyson all the Bishops with Hem I leave my Tongue to wise Lord N—1.

To help him bring his what-de-call uns forth, Twill make his Lordship utter Treason clear, And he in time may speak like Noble Peer. My Squinting Eyes let Ignoramus wear, That they may this way look, and that way Swear.

Let the Cits take my Nose; because it is fed
That by the Nose I them have alwayes led, But for their Wives I nothing now can spare. For all my Live's time they have had their force. Let not my Quarters stand on City Gate, Least they new Secis and Factions do create; For certainly the Presbyterian Wenches In Dirt will fall to Idolize my Haunches; But, that I may to my Old Friend be Civil, Let some Witch make then Mummy for the Devil. To good King Charles Heave (though, faith, 'tis pity)
A pois'ned Nation, and deluded City, A pois'ned Nazion, and deluded City,
Seditions, Clamours, Murmurs, Jealousies,
False Oaths, Sham Stories, and Religious Lies.
There's one thing still, which I had quite forgot,
To him I leave the Carcost of my Plot,
In a Consumption the poor thing doth lie,
And when I'm gone, 'twill pine away and dies
Let Jonkins in a Tub my worth declare,
And let my Life he Writ by Harry Care;

Let Joshim in a Tub my worth declare,
And let my Life be Writ by Harry Care;
And if my Bowels in the Earth find room,
Then let thefe lines be Writ upon their Tomb.

An Epitaph upon his Bowels.

Ye Mortal Whigs for Death prepare,
For mighty Tapski's Guts lie here,
Will his great Name keep facet d'y think!
For certainly his Entrals stink.
Alas 'tis but a foolish pride For certainly his Entrals tunk.

Alas 'tis but a foolish pride

To out fin all Mankind beside,

When such Illustrians Garbage must

Be mingled with the Common dust.

False nature! That could thus desude

The Cheater of the Multitude;

That put his thoughts upon the Wing,

And egg'd him on to be a King,

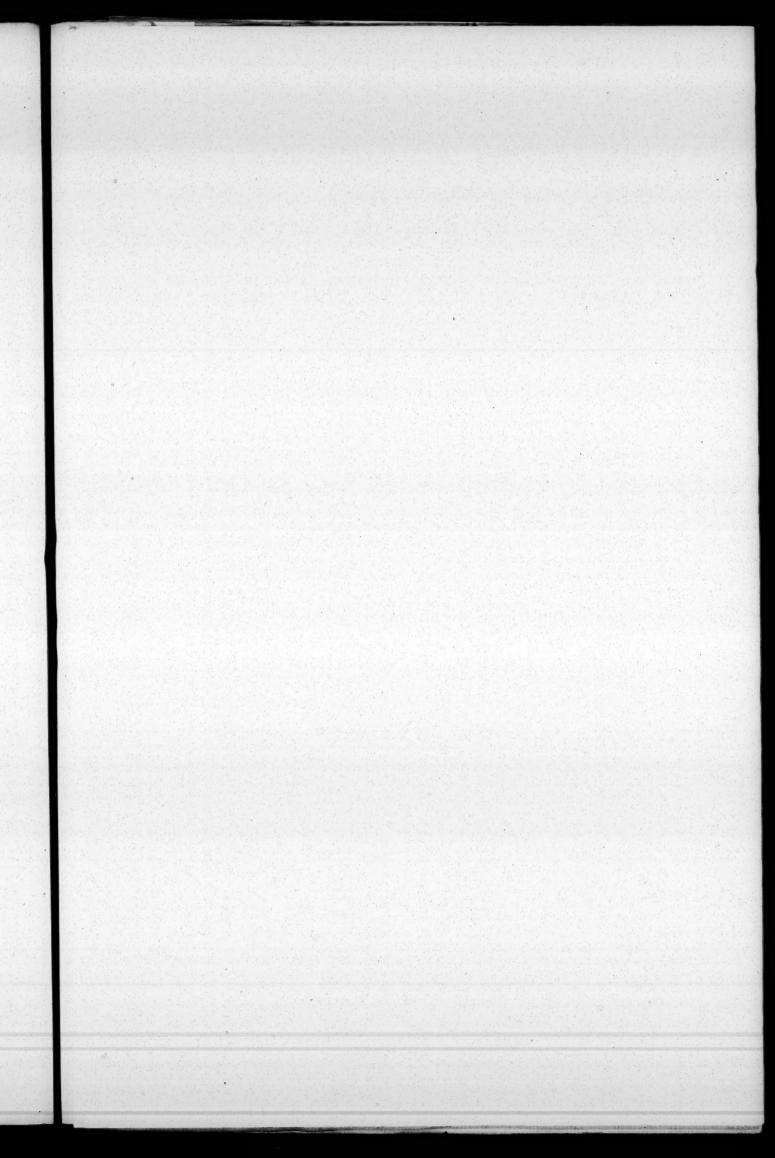
See now to what an use she puts See now to what an use the puts

His Noble great and little Guts.

Tapiki, who was a Man of Wit,

Say b I sugar twining another of Tapski, who was a Man of Wit,
Had Guts for other uses nt,
Though Fiddle-Strings they might not be against about a find the should defect the hard burmony)
Yet for Black Puddings, they were good,
Their Matter did delight in Blood:
Of this they should have drank the fight a last with which a last near the fiddle of the fiddl

get the thought, will though lok his own



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Return from Scotland.

O the fair Light once banish'd, does Return When with new Brightness crown'd, the Day is born. Though all the time that disappears, we might Much better say, We Vanisht are from Light. For that still Guides the Day, when it is here, And flies, but to extend the Day elsewhere. As You, whom our poor life cannot confine, More than the Sun can in one Country shine; For the same Cause can never Banish't be, Contain'd in no One Land, no more than He. Ev'n he, descending from his shining Height With us, does Rife in other Lands, as Bright. And seeming to Go Down, to This Worlds view, Retires, but is not Banish't to the New. So You, no less than he, a Starr too Great To Rife for ever in One Place, or Set. In Sphere too Noble, and of Make too Pure, For envious Mists for ever to Obscure. If ought e're feem'd to intercept Your Light, The Clouds ne're darken'd You, but hid our Sight.

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Like Heav'ns fair Ruler of the Day, as high Above all Clouds, as They above our Eye. Nor less than He, a Royal Planet seem, Born to Divided Empire too, like Him; Your Hemispheres in which You shine, have too Your Brother's Antient Empire, and his New. The Empire of his Race, which gave the Chair In which our Kings when Crown'd, now feated are. Ev'n fo long fince some Promise seem'd to give, That thence in time, we might our Kings derive: Gives us in You, a fure Support alone, Both of the Scottish Chair, and English Throne. Well did the ROYAL MARTIR e're he fell, To bind Succession, shew his latest Zeal. When Kiffing GLOC'STER, he forbad all Claims To CHARLES his Scepter, and the Sword of JAMES. Be CHARLES his Scepter ever Sacred still, And be the Sword of JAMES, Invincible. May the Young KING to mount my Throne prevail, May th' ADMIR AL in Battel never fail. Revolted Cities bend to th' PRINCES Yoke, While Fleets and Armies wait upon the DUKE. His Lot to Shine upon the Land, and be The Other's still, to Thunder on the Sea, 2 All this and more, Kind Heaven understood Couch't in your Speechless Father's Voice of Blood. For Wounds have Mouths, which feem to gape and cry, And in the Voice of Blood, was Prophecy. Propitious Heav'n, the Martyrs Cry has heard, A King's, and Martyr's Cry, deserves Regard. Much to his Vows, as the Event does show, For their Success, the Royal Brothers owe. Our Sov reign much for his Return must own, Meeting ith' Arms of Peace a Bloudless Crown. Much You, maintaining to the Sea that Right He o're the Land had gain'd, without a Fight. For what, alas! had it avail'd to boast His Scepter gain'd, had yet his Flagg been loft? And what a Maimed Monarch needs most be An Island-King, who is not Lord at Sea.

[3]

In his Return, Heaven no Hands did need, Referving that for its peculiar Deed, Its Act entire, as seeming to declare None in the Honour of that Work should share. That Kings may know, on whom they must depend, Whose Gift are Crowns, and whence they do descend. And we due Rev rence to our Kings may learn, Restor'd divinely, as divinely Born. This Heav'n perform'd, but left it to your Sword To Guard those Rights, to which he was Restor'd. Keeping in store this Honour as Your Due, What it began, should finish't be by You. And teaching us, where Human Hands there need To what a kind of Choice, it does proceed. When fuiting Instruments to Ends, it drawes The brightest Sword still in the Bravest Cause, Appointing, and then Arming You for Fight, Who to the Seas Command, by Birth had Right. Led by just Titles to as just a Warr, To reap those Honours, in which none could share. With double Courage arm'd, You then did shew What a Great Leader and Good Cause could Do. What the Kings just Rights could at once require, Or we from th'Hopes of your High Birth desire. When you the winged Host to Battel led, And in your Flying Chariot 'fore them rid, Bearing your Brother's Thunder by your Side, And waving high his Flagg, with lofty Pride. This High, th'Enfign of his wrong'd Pow'r to show, While that His Vengeance loudly speaks, Below. Soon as the Sov'reign of the Seas did roar, Prostrate they fell, who could not Bow before. They knew his Voice, and to his Flagg fubmit; His Thunder own, and Him that carried it. Tall Ships that with their Flaggs erect did ride, Hide in the Seas, the Trophies of their Pride. Low as the Deep, their humbled Top-fails bend, And wide as that, their Ruins do extend. Such was the Fight, as did the World convince. None but You were Born for the Crowns Defence.

[4]

And tho it were not Your High Charge by Birth,
Your Merit, to that Place had call'd You forth.
While You at once deservedly unite
The greatest Merit, and the highest Right.
What vast unbounded Hopes may we conceive,
Who under such a Pair of Brothers live?
Happy! beneath this fair Conjunction born,
Where both their Province nobly do adorn,
And each so Worthy is, Great CHARLES to Reign,
And YORK, to Triumph o're the Conquer'd Main.
A better KING than He, no Land e're knew;
No Seas, a Braver ADMIRAL, than You.

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Written by Jo. Hains as he faith himfelf.

Arewell Damn'd Syntar Funce, which dold bewitch From the Court baild, down to the Country Birch. Thou liquid Flame, by whom each fiery Face Lives without feat, and blillnes without Grace: Lives without Flell, and mend the fire Or, if you rather cheffe to ferth nighter.

Return to the dull Clime from whence you came, and have the Courage may require you came, and have they Carouze in your fletten both. To cruft the Quagmire of their stands for the fire or whence you came. The court the Quagmire of their stands for the fire of the cform'd and turn'd a Godly drink

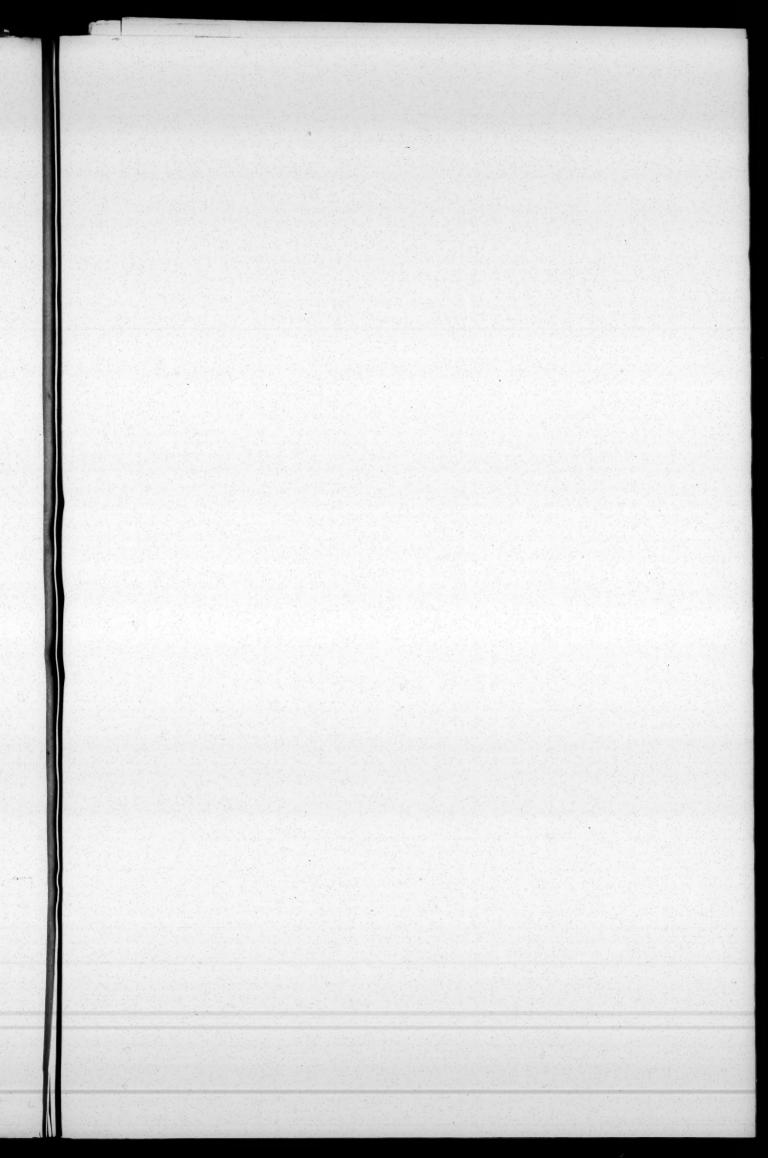
He breaths like a Smiths Forge, and wets the fire, Not to allay the flame, but raise it higher: His trembling hands scarce heave the fiquor in, His Nerves all crackle in his Parchment skin; His Stomac don't concoo, but bake his food; His Liver even Vitrifies his Blood; His Guts from Natures drudgery are from And in his Rowels Salamanders breed He's grown too hot to think, too dull to laugh, And steps as if he walk'd with Pindar & Staff. The moving Glass-house lightens with his Eyes, Singes his Cloaths and all his marrow fries; Glows for a while, and then in Ashes dies. Thus like a sham Prometteus, we find Thou stealest a fire from tell to kill Marking. But hold - left we the Saints dire anger merit, We hear of late, whate're the wicked think; d nothing Thou art reform'd and turn'd a Gody uring.

And doubtless thou'rt con-natural to them.

For both thy Spirit and theirs abound in Phiegm; uring I llower A.

'Ere fince the Publick Faith for Plate did wimble, biupit nor in And sanctified thy Gill with Hannah's Thimble: biupit nor in And sanctified thy old bad Company of Vermin, odn'w sent the Drunken Porters, and the swearing Carr-men, over the And the lewed Drivers of the Hackney Coaches, in link that a multiple And now takes up with sage discreet Debauches; Thou art reform'd and turn'd a Godly drink: And now tak'st up with fage discreet Debauches; And now tak'st up with fage discreet Debauches; Thou freely drop'st upon Gold Chains and Fur account which are with the country of the cou And Sots of Quality thy Minions are, No more shalt thou foment an Ale-house brawle, in the day of but the more solver Riots at Guild-hall But the more sober Riots at Guild-hall, Where, by thy Spirits fallible direction, The Reprobates stood Poling for Election. If this trade holds, what will the wicked doe? Had Silk I in thee an The Saints sequester e'vn their Vices too, With all the Mative I For fince the Art of Whoring's grown precise, fure the black Chynn And Perjury hath got demurer Eyes; All Æmell Imples in And double Milfel, ne 'Tis time, high time to circumcife the Gill, Go then thou Emblem of their torrid Zeal,
Add flame to flame and their fliff tempers Neal,
'Till they grow ductile to the Publick Weale.'
And fince the Godly have efforted the Court And not let drinking be Philistian still. And fince the Godly have espous'd thy Cause,
Don't fill their heads with Libertys and Laws,
Religion, Privilege, and lawless Charters,
Mind them of Falstaffs Heir apparent Garters,
And keep their outward Man from Ketches Quarters.

One Caution more (now we are out of hearing)
Many have died of drinking, some of swearing;
If these transports. Many have died of drinking, some of swearing;
If these two Pests should in Conjunction meet, The grass wou'd quickly grow in every street: Save thou the Nation from that double blow, And keep thy fire from Salamanca T O. Printed for Jos. Hindmarsh at the Black Bull in Cornbill, 1682.



The Old New True Blo

Protestant Plot

Or Nive Pears Sham-Plots DISCOVERE

in one True one.

To the Tune of, - I told Young-Jenny, I lov'd her well.

Ow Innocent Blood's almost forgot,
We havefound the Original Ground of the Plot,
To Massacre others for their own fins:
And this has been the Plots support. Now every Moon-Blind-Rebell may know, That Providence fees our Actions below. Now Ours for Pegs, may pack up his All's, And there inform his Master; To surnish Rooms make fire in the Hall's For Company that comes after.

Thefe are not like our Plots of Old. When Evidence swore for Silver and Gold. These are no Armies under Ground, No Sham Magazines that never were found, No Spanish Pilgrims, and Black-Bills, Bat open professed Traytors; Where Perjury spares the Sword it kills, These are our Saint-like Sayters.

III.

Thefe are the Blades, detected by Laws, In Contempt of Justice decide it with Blows. These are the Blood-Hounds of our Age, That brought our late Monarch upon the Stage, Yet these more Barbarous brutes of ours, Would Murther both King and Brother. And lay the Guilt at innocent doors, And still continue the Murther.

IV.

First made in the City, then forc't on the Court, But now the Mysteries brought to light, True Innocencie is Protection, Surprising Rebells dare not fight, Their Souls are Imperfections.

If they had Butcher'd the Royal Line, To Murther its Friends they were to Joya, The like was never on Record In the wide Wilderness of the World; To Rob the Kingdom of all that's Good, And none but Rebells Surviving, To Lord it o'rethree Notions in Blood; Each to be an Oliver striving.

VI.

The Sadle is now on the Right Horse, The Whiggs must mount for Tiburn in Course. For these can be no false Alarms, We have their Confession the Men and their Arms; Makes Catch perceive his Harvest is near He swears if his Horse do not fail him, He'll not take a thousand pound this year, For what his Trade may avail him.

The Character of a Trimmer.

Hang out your Cloth, and the Trumpet found, Here's fuch a Beast as April never own'd. A twisted Brute, the Satyr in the Story,
That blows up the Whig-Heat and cools the Tory.
A State Hermaphrodite, whose doubtful Lust Salutes all Parties with an equal Gust.
Like Iseland-Shocks, he seems two Natures joyn'd, Savage before, and all Betrimm'd behind:
And the well tutor'd Currs like him will strain;
Come over for the KING, and back again.
Tis such a Sphinx, the Devil can't unriddle,
A Human Schism upward from the middle,
And split again below, which gives us light
To the sole Point that can all Sects unite.
Thus did the fam'd Dutch-double-Monster Trimm,
And that clest Soul's Pythagoriz'd in him.

Noah (whom for the sake of Wine we love)
Sav'd Natures breed by Mandate from above,
But all the learned Sages doe agree
He kept his Ark from Mules and Leopards free,
All such mix'd Animals he scorn'd to float,
And would not save one Trimmer in his Boat.

Beasts seed on Beasts, and Fishes Fish devour, And o're weak Birds the Winged Tyrants tour; But this same Land-Fish with his Feather d-Finns Commits both Air, and Earth, and Water-Sins, Complies with those that Fly, and Walk, and Dive, But fastens only upon those that Thrive.

In short, his only Art is to inveagle, Flatter the Popular-Power as well as Regal, Like a State Fanus, or a Church Spread-Eagle.

London: Printed for Jo. Hindmarsh at the Black Bull in Cornhil, 1683.

Lenten Prologue

Refus'd by the

PLAYERS.

UR Prologue-Wit grows flat: the Nap's worn off; And howfoe're We turn, and trim the Stuff, The Gloss is gone, that look'd at first so gaudy; 'Tis now no Jest to hear young Girls talk Baudy. But Plots, and Parties give new matter birth; And State Distractions serve you here for mirth! At England's cost Poets now purchase Fame While factious Heats deftroy us, without Shame Thele wanton Neroes fiddle to the Flame. The Stage, like old Rump-Pulpits, is become The Scene of News, a furious Party's Drum. Here Poets beat their brains for Volunteers, And take fast hold of Asses by their Ears. Their jingling Rhime for Reason here you swallow; Like Orpheus Musick it makes Beasts to follow.

What an enlighting Grace is wine of Bread?

How it can change a Libeller's Heart, and clear a Laureats Head! Open his eyes till the mad Prophet see Medal Plots working in a future power to be Traitors unform'd to his second sight are cleat; And Squadrons here, and Squadrons there appear; Rebellion is the Burden of the Seer. To Bayes in Vision were of late reveal'd Whigg-Armies, that at Knights-bridge lay conceal'd. (Rehearfal And though no mortal eye could fee't before Com. p. 31. The Battaile was just entring at the Door! (Rehearfally Comedy A dangerous Association — fign'd by None! The Joyner's Plot to feize the King alone! Stephen with Colledge made this Dire compact; The watchful Irish took em in the Fact-Of riding arm'd! Oh Traiterous Overt Act! With each of 'em an ancient Piftol fided; Against the Statute in that Case provided. But why was such an Host of Swearers prest? Their fuccour was ill Husbandry at best. Bayes's crown'd Muse, by Sovereign Right of Satyre, Without desert, can dubb a man a Traitor. And Toryes, without troubling Law, or Reason, By loyal Instinct can find Plots and Treason. But here's our Comfort, though they never scan The merits of the Cause, but of the Man, Our gracious Statesmen vow not to forsake Law that is made by Judges whom they Make.

Behind the Curtain, by Court-Wires, with ease They turn those Plyant Puppets as they please. With frequent Parliaments our hopes they feed, Such shall be fure to meet - but when there's Need. When a fick State, and finking Church call for em, Then 'tis our Tories most of all abhor 'em. Then Pray'r, that Christian Weapon of defence, Gratefull to Heaven, at Court is an Offence, If it dare speak th' untamper'd Nations sence. Nay Paper's Tumult, when our Senates cease; And some Men's Names alone can break the Peace. Petitioning disturbs the Kingdom's Quiet; As choosing honest Sheriffs makes a Ryott. To punish Rascals, and bring France to Reason,? Is to be hot, and press things out of Season; And to damn Popery is Irish Treason. To love the King, and Knaves about him hate, Is a Fanatick Plot against the State. To Skreen his Person from a Popish Gun Has all the mischief in't of Forty One. To fave our Faith and keep our Freedom's Charter, Is once again to make a Royal Martyr. This Logick is of Tories deep inditing The very best they have but Oaths, and Fighting.

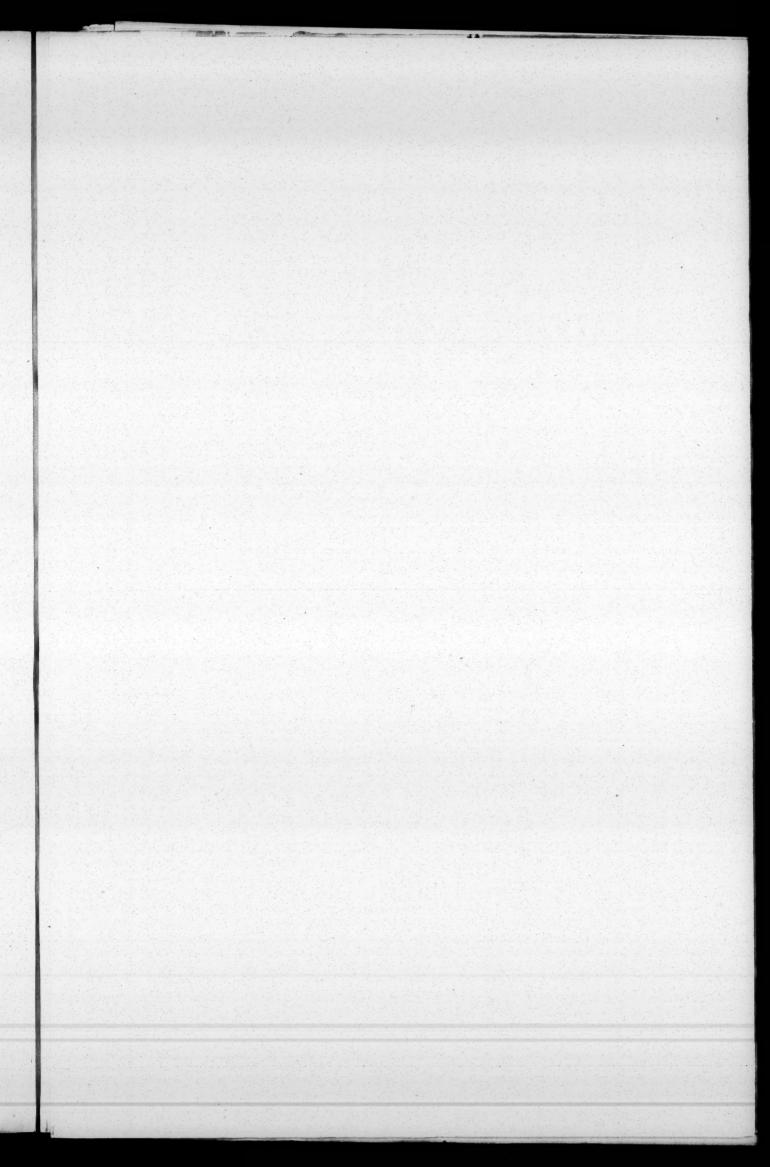
Let 'em then chime it on, if twill oblige vee,

And Roger vapour o're us in Effigie.

Let 'em in Ballads give their folly Vent, And fing up Nonsence to their Hearts content. If for the King (as All's pretended) they May here drink Healths, and curse, sure We may pray. Heaven once more keep him then for Healing Ends Safe from old Foes—but most from his new Friends! Such Protestants as propp a Popish Cause, And loyal men, that break all Bound of Laws! Whose Pride is with his Servants Salaries fed, And when they 've scarce left him a Crust of Bread, Their corrupt Fathers foreigne Steps to follow, Cheat even of scraps, and that last Sopp would swallow. French Fetters may this Isle no more endure; Spite of Rome's Arts stand England's Church secure, Not from such Brothers as desire to mend it, But false Sons, who deligning worse to rend it With leud Lives, and no-Fortunes would defend it.

FINIS.

IC



839. m 22

THE

EPILOGUE

Mr. LACY'S New Play, Sir HERCULES BUFFOON, or the Poetical Esquire.

Wrote and Spoke by J. H. Com.

Ethinks (Right Worthy Friends) you seem to sit,
As if you had all ta'ne Physick in the Pit;
When the Play's done, your jaded Fancies pall;
After Enjoyment, thus' tis with us all.

You are

Meer Epicures in thinking, and, in fine, As difficult to please in Playes, as Wine: You've no true taste of either, judge at randome, And Cry—De Gustibus non disputandum. One's for Vin d' Hermitage, Loves Lofty inditing; Another Old Hoc, he a style that's biting; Both hate Champaign, and Damn loft natural Writing.) And some for sooth Love Rhenish Wine and Sugar; Playes in meeter, Like Dead Wine, swallowing Nonsence, Rhimes make sweeter : There's one's for a Cup of Nants, and he, 'tis odds Like Old Buffoon, loves Plays that /winge the Gods. True English Topers Racy Sack ne're tail, With such Ben Johnsons Humming Plays prevail; Whil'st some at Tricks, and Grimace, only fleer; To fuch, must Noisy, Frothy, Farce appear; Thete new Wits Relish, small, smart, Bottle Beer. French Gouts, that mingle Water with their Wine, Cry—Ah de French Song Gosoun Dat is ver fine.

Who

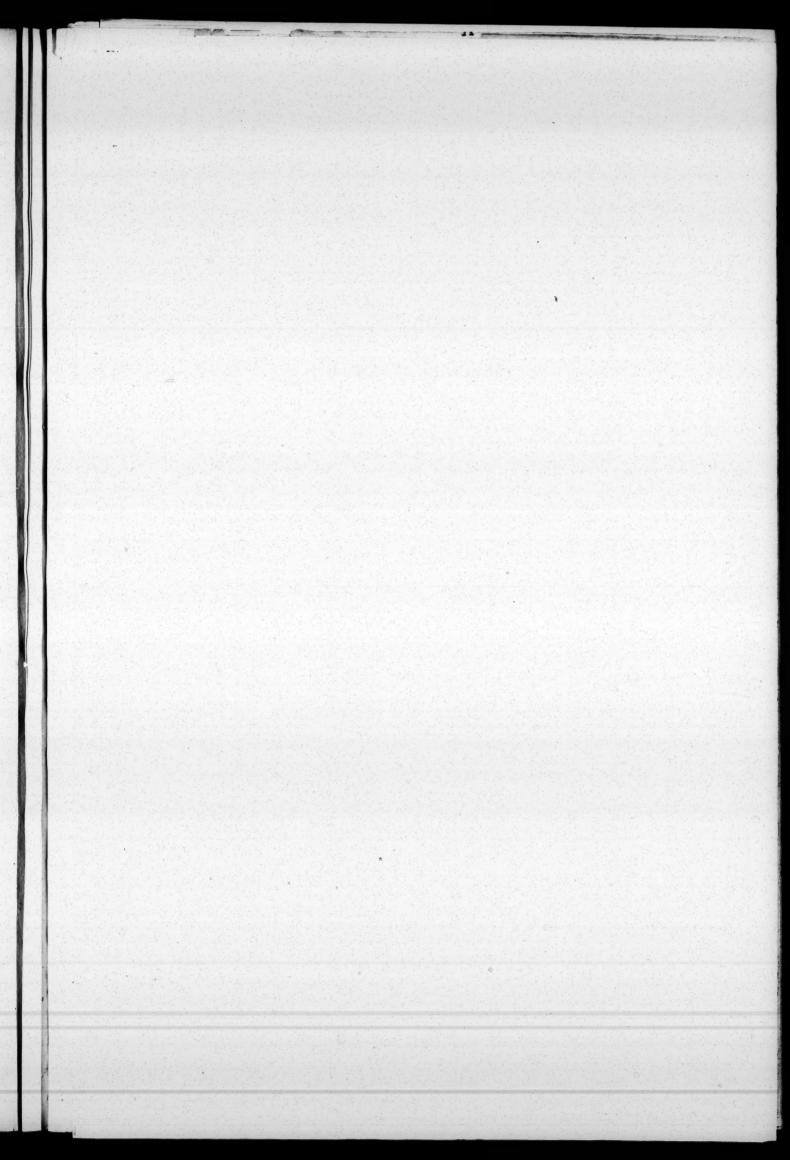
Who never Drink without a Relishing Bit; Scapin methinks fuch Sickly tasts might hit; Where we entertain each Squeamish, nicer Palat, With Sawce of Dances, and with Songs for Salat: Since then 'tis so hard to please, (with choicest Dyet) Our Guests, wh' in wit and sence do daily Ryot; Since Wit is Damn'd by those, whom Wits we call, As Love that stands by Love, by Love does fall, When Fools, both good and bad, like Whores, swallow all. 'I wish, for your sakes, the Sham Wits o'th' Nation Would take to some honest, some thriving Vocation. 'The Wit of our Feet you see every Night, 'Says more to our purpose than all you can Write. 'Since things are thus carried, a Wit's such a Tool, "He that makes the best Plays, do's but best play the Fool. A Dreaded Fool's your Bully, A Wealthy Fool's your Cit, A Contented Fool's your Cully, But your Fool of Fool's your Wet: They all Fool Cit of 's Wife, He Fools them of their Pelfe; But your Wit's so damn'd a Fool, He only Fools himself. Oh! Wits, then face about to sence, Alas! I know it by my felf, a Wit's an As; For(like you) in my time. I've been Foolish in Rhyme, But now, so repent the Nonsensical Crime; I speak it in tears, which from me may seem odly.

4 JA 55

Henceforth I'le grow wiser, (Dam' Wit) I'le be Godly; That when by New Grace I have wip'd off old staines, In time I may Pass, not for Count, but Sir Haynes.

LONDON,

Printed for Joseph Hindmarsh, Bookseller to His ROYAL HIGHNESS, living at the Black Bull in Cornhill, 1684.



THE

PROLOGUE

TO

Mr. LACY'S New Play, Sir HERCULES
BUFFOON of the Poetical Efquire

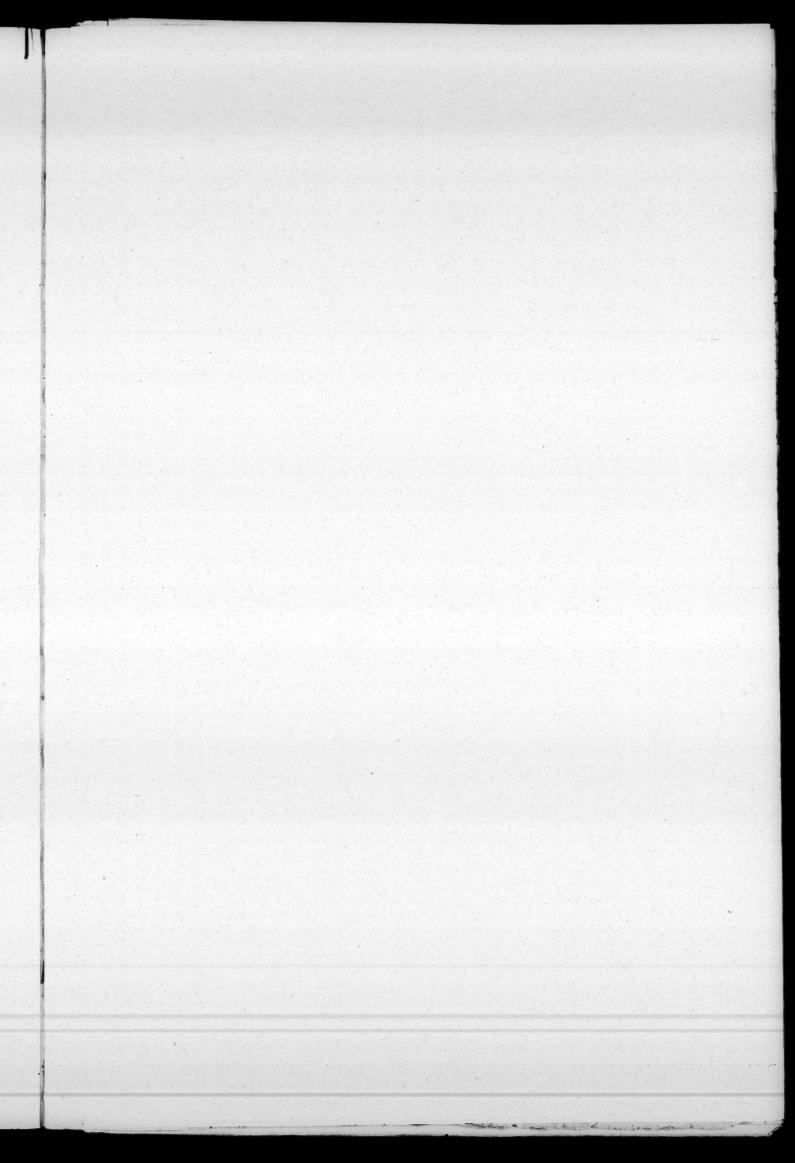
Written by THO. DURFET, Gent.

Spoken by Mr. HAYNES.

E Scribling Fops, (cry mercy if I wrong ye) But without doubt, there is mult fome among ye Know, that fam'd Lacy, Ornamene o'th' Stage, That Standard of true Comedy in our Age; Wrote this new Play And if it takes not, all that we can lay on't Is we have his Fiddle, not his Hands to play on't: Against our Interest, he to do you right, Your Foes, the Poets, has abus'd to night; And made us like rude Birds our Nest Besh-te. We know, If you would Write us Plays, they'd lose their ends, Kind Parties still would make your pains amends; For there's no Fop but has a world of friends: Who will like City-Whiggs help one another And every noisie Fool cry up his Brother: No more then rack for Prologue or for Song, Such Trifles, to dull Quality belong; Nor Lampoon Ladies, that your Virtues trust, That Bask in the hot Malls Pulvillio dust; Whose low hing Fringes, with Attractive Arts, Sweep heaps of straws, 'mongst Crowds of Lovers Hearts; Subjects Subjects like these will never get you Fame, Nor can you Write, if this be all your Aim; More than a Rogue can Sing that lets a Plalm. But if like Wits you would the Town oblige, Write a good Comedy on some sam'd Siege, But not in Rhime, and if to please you mean, Let Luxemberg be taken the first Scene; Yet, now I think on't, choose another story, Some Sparks that late went o're to hunt for Glory; Have spoyl'd that jest, and ta'ne the Town before ye: No wonder too, for who could stand their Rage, Since they with Conning mark-broad-Swords Ingage; I fancy you'l turn Butchers the next Age: For these new Weapons look that guard your Lives, Like bloody Cozen Germans to their Knives: I'le put a question t'ee, pray does the Writer As times go, get most Credit, or the Fighter? Wit is aplauded when with fancy dress't, But to be knockt o'th' head's a cursed jest; A face in which your forward Fool miscarries, No, tis much better, to ly fick at Paris; Where we can Write, what the French King intends, And storm a Town, in Letters to our Friends. Another Inconvenience we mult own, There's many a Fool is by a Bullet known, That once pass't for a Wit of high renown. The proof of sence, lyes hid in safety, here; But when the Scull is broke the Brains appear. Ah Sirs! if you to the rough Wars should follow, How many Pates like mine would be found hollow; Faith then take my Advice, stick to Apollo. Write, and be studious in Dramatick Rules, For should our Poets sound your shallow Sculls, You were undone for Wits, and we for Fools.

LONDON.

Printed for Joseph Hindmarsh, Bookseller to His ROYAL HIGHNESS, living at the Black Bull in Cornhill. 1684.



K Fletcher (7.) Framation

PROLOGUE Spoken by Mrs. Cook.

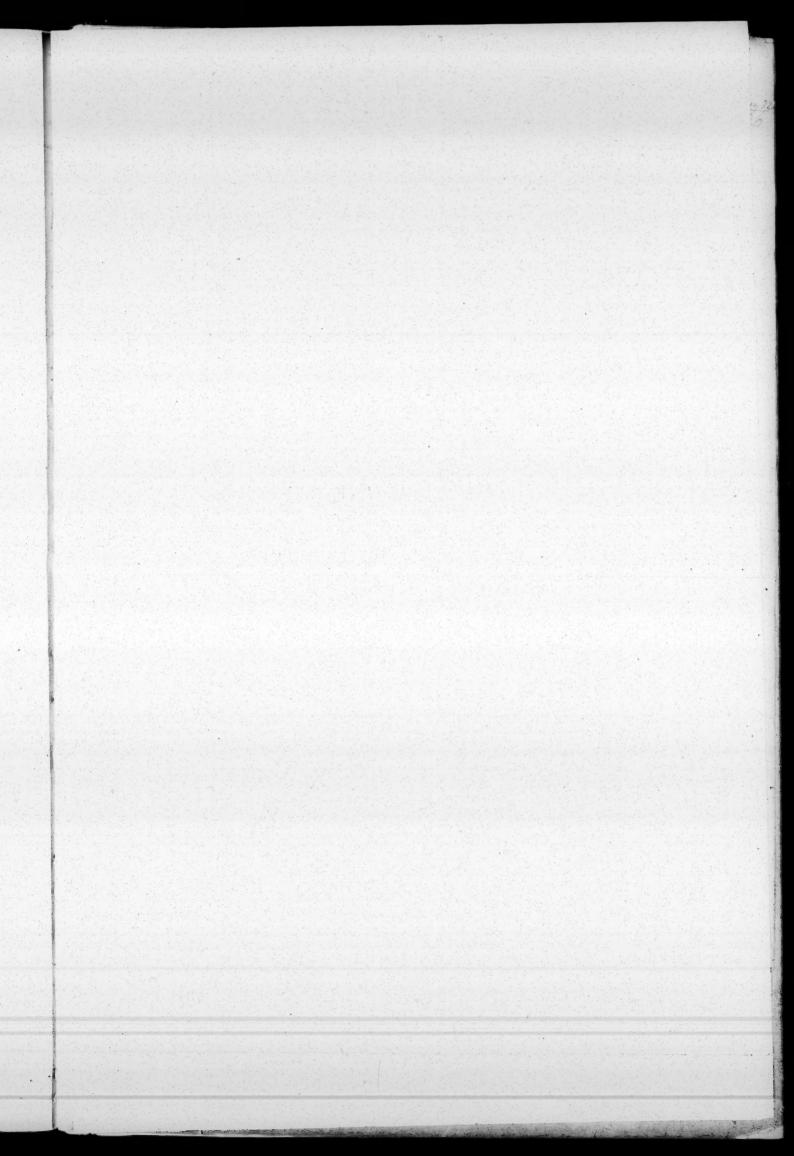
Fish that affurance we to day address, As standar'd Beauty certain of success: With careless Pride at once they charmand wex, And fcorn the little Censures of their Sex. Sure of the unregarded Spoil, despite The needless affectation of the Eyes. The foftening Languillement that faintly warms, But trust alone to their resistless Charms. So we fecur'd by undifputed Wift, Disdain the damning Malice of the Pitt. Nor need false Art to set great Nature off, Or studied tricks to force the Clap, and Laugh. Ye Wou'd-be Criticks you are all undone. For here's no Theam for you to work upon. Faith, feem to talk to Jenney, I advise; Of who, like who, and how Loves Markets rife: Try these hard Times how to abate the Price. Tell her how Cheap were Damzels on the Ice! Mongst City Wives and Daughters that came there, How far a Guinny went at Blanket-fair! Thus you may find forme good Excuse for failing, Of your beloved Exercise of railing; That when friend cries; --- how does the Play succeed, Damme --- I hardly minded, what they did. We shall not your ill Wature please to Day, With some fond Scriblers new uncertain Play, Loofe as vain Youth, and tirefome as dull Age, Or Love and Honour, that o're-runs the Stage: Fam'd and substantial Authours give this Treat, And 'twill be folemn! Noble all, and Great! Witt! facred Witt, is all the buis ness here. Great Fletcher! and the Greater Rochester! Now name the hardy Man one fault dares find. In the vast work of two fuch Heroe's join'd. None but Young Straphon's fost and powerfull Wit, Durst undertake to mend what Fletcher writ. Different his Heav'nly Muse, yet both agree, To make an everlasting Harmony. Listen ye Virgins to his Charming Song. Eternal Musick dweltupon his Tongue: The Gods of Love and Witt inspir'd his Pen, And Love and Beauty was his Glorious Theam; Now Lady you may Celebrate his Name. Without a Scandal on your spotless Fame: With fighs his dear lov'd Memory purfue, And pay his Wit, what to his Eyes was due, "Twill please his Ghost even in th' Elizian shade. To find his Power has such a Conquest made.

839 in 22

Epilogue by a Person of Quality. Spoken by Mrs. Barrey.

IS well the Scene is laid remote from hence. Twould bring in Question else our Authors Sense. Two Monstrous, things produc'd for this our Age; And no where to be feen but on the Stage. A Woman Ravisht and a great man wife. Nay honest too without the Least disguise. Another Character deserves great blame, A Cuckold daring to revenge his shame: A furly ill Natur'd Roman wanting wit, Angry when all true Englishmen submit, Witness the tameness of the well Horn'd Pit. Tell me ye fair ones, pray now tell me why For fuch a fault as this to bid me dve: Should Husbands thus Command and Wives obev. 'Twould spoil our Audience for the next New Play Too many wanting who are here to day. For, I suppose if e're that happen to ye, Twasforce prevailed you faid he would undoe ye. Strugling, cry'd out, but all alas in Vain, Like me you Underwent the Killing pain. Did you not pity me, Lament each groan, When left with the wild Emperor alone: I know your Tender Natures, did Partake, At least in Thought you sufferd for my fake, And in my Rape bearing a friendly part, Each had her Valentinian in her Heart.

Printed for Charles Tebroc.



PROPHESIE,

Which hath been in a Manuscript,

INTHE

Lord Powis's Family Sirty Cears,

A Bout the time that I shall be Joyned unto 2 times 3.
And 4 times 10 with 4 times 2
Amongst us shall be great ado.
An Eagles Head that time shall fall, Scattered will be the young ones all.

Then shall a Cypher swell so great, Cliver
His Name 100 takes the Seat,
And shall do mighty things before
He is removed off the Shore.
But 10 times 4 with 8 times 6,
Doth in another World him fix.

Then quickly after you shall spy, The Eagle back again to fly, And thall himfelf bedeck again, With Feathers of his Fathers Train. Then heavy Times shall make men say, Oft-times alas and welladay; And with that they a Death might find, For fonthing troubles fore their Mind. Then after all a Cloud shall come, And almost darken quite the Sun. And in that time Actions shall be Chiefly carried on by three. The Cross, the Surplise, and the Crown, Strive who shall put each other down. Great Treachery and Bloodshed then Shall sweep away great store of Men.

The Lion and blue Flower shall seek Quite to destroy the Heretick Sheep. And Ingland shall be hard bestead, Before the Miter hence be rid. False Ireland contrives our woe, But zealous Scotland doth not so.

Begin again at 1 and 6, And 10 times 7 begins these Tricks.

And for a time shall last full fore,
Till you may number 1 and 4.

And for 4 more it shall abate,
To return in an happy state.

31685.

Then better every day will be, But no more—in England see.

When 8 times 8 and 3 times 3, 1680 With 6 and I shall joyned be, Then shall be sacrificed C. In dust shall lye that arrant Whore, Disdain'd of all like to J-S-And all her Brats turn'd out of dore 7. R. shall into Saddle slide, And furiously to Rome shall ride, His Principles no longer hide. The Pope shall have a fatal Fall, And never trouble more Whitehall, Nor England's People more inthrall. And he that chanceth to survive, Until the year of eighty five, Shall see this Land begin to thrive.

O England's wonder, which hath never been, 3 Q—in England shortly shall be seen!

2 D—shall highly for the Crown contend, Each shall bring England's Monarchy to end. B—shall fall into contempt and scorn, And Gospel-Angels shall our Church adorn. If any ask, how this shall come to pass, The Fox shall ride the Goose, the Goose the Ass.

EXCLAMATION

Against JULIAN,

Secretary to the Mules;

With the Cast of a

LIBELLER.

By a Person of Quality.

Hou Common Shore of this Poetick Town, Where all our Excrements of Wit are thrown; For Sonnet, Satyr, Bawdry, Blafphemy, Are empty'd and disburthen'd all on thee: The Cholerick wight, untruffing in a rage, Finds thee, and leaves his load upon thy page. Thou, Julian, (Oh, thou wife Vespasian rather!) Dost from this Dung thy well-pick'd Guineys gather All mischief's thine: Transcribing thou wilt stoop From lofty Middlesex, to lowly Scroop. What times are these, when, in that Hero's room Bow-bending Capid doth with Ballads come, And little Albton offers to the Bum? Can two fuch Pigmies fuch a wight support? Two fuch Tom Thumbs of Satyr in a Court! Poor George grows old; his Muse worn out of fashion; Hoarsly she sung Euphelia's Lamentation: Less art thou helpt by Dryden's Bed-rid Age; That Drone has left his Sting upon the Stage.

Resolve me, poor Apostate, this main Doubt; What hope hast thou to rub this Summer out? Know, and be thankful then; for Providence, By me, has fent thee this Intelligence: A Knight there is, if thou can't gain his Grace, Known by the Name of the Hard-favour'd Face; For Prowess of the Pen renown'd ishe; From Don Quixot descended lineally: And though, like him, unfortunate he prove, Undaunted in Attempts of Wit and Love. Of his unfinish'd Face, what shall I say, But that twas made of Adam's own Red Clay; That much, much Oker was on it bestow'd? God's Image 'tis not, but some Indian God: Our Christian Earth can no resemblance bring But Ware of Portugal for fuch a thing. Such Carbuncles his fiery Face confess, As no Hungarian Water can redress. A Face which should he see-But Heav'n was kind. And, to indulge his Self-love, made him blind. He dares not stir abroad, for fear to meet Curses of teeming Women in the street: The least could happen from that hidious fight, Is, that they should miscarry with the fright; Heav'n guard'em from the likeness of the Knight Such is our charming Strepbon's outward man: His inward parts, Let those describe who can; But, by the monthly flow'rs discharg'd abroad, 'Tis full, brim full of Pastoral and Ode. Erewhile he honour'd Bertha with his flame; And now, he courts no less Louvisa's Name: For, when his Passion has been boiling long, The scum at last boils up into a Song:

And fure no mortal creature, at one time, Was e're fo far o'regone with Love and Rhyme. To his dear felf of Poetry he talks; His hands and feet are fearning as he walks: His fquinting look his pangs of Wit accuse: The very symptoms of a breeding Mufe: And all to gain the great Louvifa's grace; But never Pen did pimp for fuch a Face. 1, There's not a Nymph, in City, Tour, or Court, But Strephon's Billet Doux's have made spoit! Still he Loves on ; yet still as fure to mile 37. As they who wash an Æthop's face, or his. and ail-What fate unhappy Strephor does attend, doing Never to get a Miltress, of a Friend? Strephon alike both Wirs and Fools detelt; Because, like Afop's Bat, half Bird, half Beast: For Fools, to Poetry have no pretence; And common Wit supposes common Sense: Not quite so low as Fools, nor quite o'top; But hangs between 'em both, and is a Fop. His Morals, like his Wit, are motly too: He keeps from arrant Knave, with much ado; But Vanity and Lying so prevail, That one grain more of each would turn the He would be more a Villain, had he time; But he's fo wholly taken up with Rhyme, That he mistakes his Talent: all his care Is to be thought a Poet, fine, and fair. Small Beer and Gruel, are his meat and drink; The Diet he prescribes himself, to think. Rhyme next his heart he takes at morning peep; Some Love-Fpistles at his hour of sleep: So,

[4] 99 So, between Elegy and Ode, we see Strephon is in a course of Poetry. This is the Man ordain'd to do thee good; The Pelican, to feed thee with his Blood: Thy Wit, thy Poet; nay, thy Friend; for he Is fit to be a Friend to none, but Thee. Make fure of him, and of his Muse, betimes; For all his Study is hung round with Rhymes: Laugh at him, justle him, yet still he writes; In Rhyme he Challenges, in Rhyme he Fights: Charg'd with the last, and basest Infamy, His bus'ness is to think what Rhymes to Lye; Which found, in fury he retorts again. Strephon's a very Dragon at his Pen: His Brother murdred, and his Mother whor'd, his Mistress lost; yet still his Pen's his Sword.

FINIS.

